

ary 2, 1911

PRICE, 10 CENTS
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Life

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"LONG DISTANCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."

A Valentine Puzzle!

\$50, First Prize \$15, Third Prize
\$25, Second Prize \$10, Fourth Prize

Do you recognize the outline of the jar within the heart? We say you will. Many advertising experts say you won't. They say that we make the contest too hard.

Come, clever and observing people! Come, amateur detectives! Prove you exist. There are rewards for the cleverest. Try this puzzle on your husband, wife or friend! Hold up this page before him or her and ask what product comes in jars of this shape, and what company made popular the following famous sentence:

"Don't envy a good complexion; use ————— and have one"

The Contest. Write on a sheet of paper a sentence of ten words or less. This sentence must contain the name of this cleansing massage cream, and said sentence must suggest its merits and benefits in a truthful, logical way. *For the four best sentences, we will award the above cash prizes totaling \$100 to four persons.*

Suggestions: We like sentences such as these: "Don't envy a good complexion; use ————— and have one." (C. F. Ahr, of Denver, Colo., won \$25 prize for that sentence in a previous contest we held.) Again: "————— clears the skin like a month in the mountains." (\$15 to D. R. Frary, Philadelphia Pa., for that.)

Make your prize sentence simple, clear and truthful. Don't claim for this massage cream any virtues which we ourselves do not claim.

Note. This famous product is not a "cold," "grease" or "vanishing" cream. They have their uses, but this invigorating massage cream is entirely different

in purpose, uses and results. Remember, use cold creams for cold cream uses, but for an invigorating cleansing massage, get —————.

Will Your Cold Cream thus Benefit Your Skin?

1. Will your cold cream get into the pores, and after a few moments of massaging *roll out*, laden with dust and other infecting matter which cause so many complexion ills? *This cleansing massage cream will.*

2. Will your cold cream bring a natural, healthy glow to the face? *This invigorating massage cream will.* It is so scientifically made that a slight invigorating friction induces the rosy circulation through your cheeks.

3. Briefly, will your cold cream change an unattractive skin into one that indicates the "clean-cut" man or the "deliciously clean" woman? *This completely cleansing massage cream surely will.*

TRIAL JAR AND ART PICTURE

sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. In order to get you to act now, we will send you both for 10c., a trial jar and a beautiful Art Picture.

You do not have to enter contest in order to get trial jar and picture. This is a rare offer. Clip the coupon now, enclosing 10c. (coin or stamps) for postage and packing.



All Dealers
50c., 75c. and \$1.00

RULES

1. Only one sentence of ten words or less from each person.

2. Your sentence must contain the first name of this massage cream, and may contain its last two names.

3. Write no letters. Use sheet of paper with *only your sentence, your name, and your complete address on it.*

4. Letters postmarked later than March 6, 1911, will not be entered in contest.

5. Announcement of prize winners made April 6, 1911, in this magazine.

6. No questions can be answered on this contest.

7. You do not have to send for trial jar and picture offered above, though you may send coupon when you send us your prize sentence.

8. Use address on coupon.



NOTE

The above jar shows a style of our product you may have seen, although that style of jar is not bought much except by barbers, professional massage specialists, etc.

You may send this coupon with or without a contest sentence

General Offices: 405 Tenbusch Building
Cleveland, Ohio

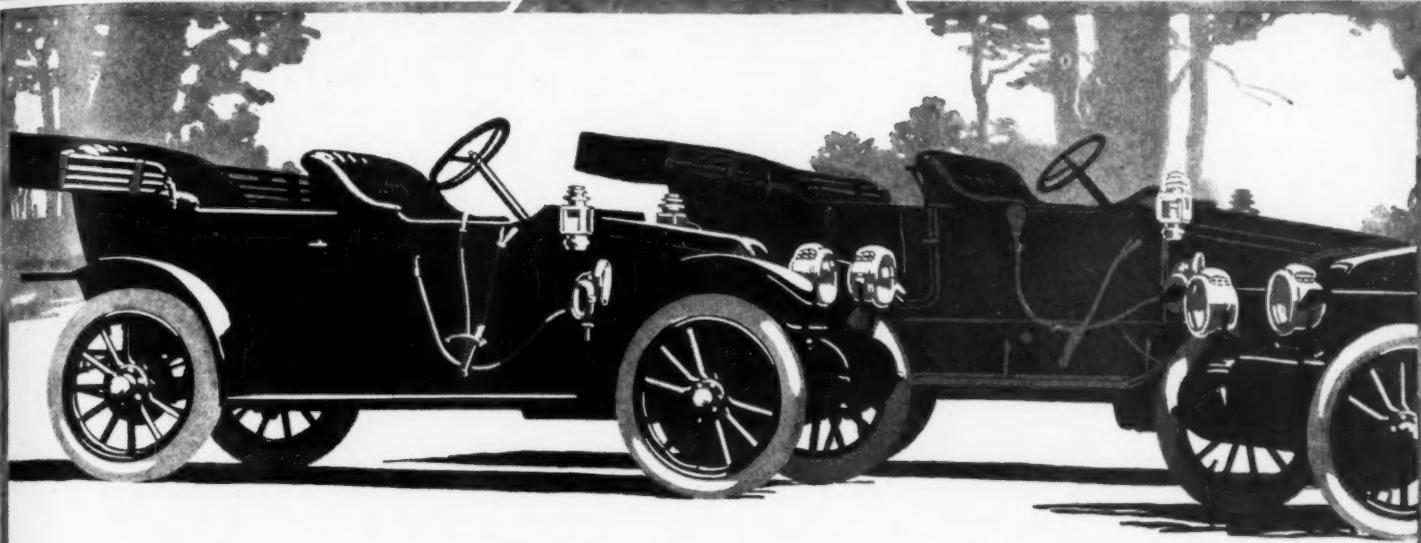
Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. Please send me a trial jar of your famous massage cream and an Art Picture.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State

Franklin



The new sloping hood, blending perfectly with the body lines, makes the Franklin above all others "The Car Beautiful."

The riding ease of the Franklin comes from full-elliptic springs and a chassis frame of laminated wood which take up and absorb road shocks.

The wonderful success of the Franklin air-cooled motor in the face of world-wide competition leads many people to predict that all automobile manufacturers will adopt air cooling.

Cooling efficiency in the Franklin does not vary in the hottest or coldest climate. In tropical countries, on the hot plains and in mountain climbing, where water-cooled cars overheat, Franklin cars cool perfectly.

Four hundred and eighty-five miles in 16 hours, $16\frac{1}{2}$ minutes in the Los Angeles-Phoenix desert race; 134.6 miles at a speed of 61.8 miles per hour in the Santa Monica road race; 68 miles in 60 minutes in the Los Angeles Motordrome hour race, are records made by a 1911 thirty-eight-horse-power Franklin in November.

Besides saving in weight and complication Franklin air cooling removes all cause for worry, as there is not anything about the cooling to get out of order, freeze, overheat or break down.

A Franklin saves two thirds of the usual tire expense and at the same time goes faster and farther in a day than other cars.

The secret of Franklin tire service is large tires on a light-weight, easy-riding automobile.

So free are Franklins from tire trouble that extra tires are not carried even on long tours. Service from a set of tires is two to four times greater than obtained with other cars.

You can buy a Franklin of the size and power best suited to your requirements. There are two six-cylinder cars, Model H, 48 H. P., seven-passenger, and the "little six" (Model D) five-passenger car. Either can be had with four-passenger torpedo-phaeton bodies.

Model M and Model G are four-cylinder touring cars, 25 and 18 H. P. respectively. The most interesting, high character runabout ever put on any market is the new G.

Limousines and landaulets are made in both four- and six-cylinder models.

Our special light speed car is unquestionably the king of the road.

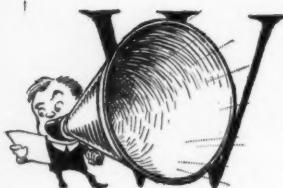
The universal favor accorded Franklin design is a tribute to be highly prized.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY SYRACUSE N.Y.



Great News For All!

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ON THE WAITING LIST FOR THE MENTAL LIFE ARE MADE HAPPY.



We are able at last to make an announcement, the news of which, although vibrated through space, has given joy to millions. Our subscription list has hitherto been limited to twenty millions, and there have been twenty-five millions more on the waiting list; as fast as a vacancy occurred in the regular list, the first in line on the waiting list would come in as a regular. Owing, however, to the fact that our regular subscribers scarcely

ever die, because of the harmonic plane they are on, vacancies have rarely occurred. It has indeed been estimated that it would take from twenty to thirty years for a "waiter" to become a "regular."

Why haven't we changed this? Simply because of our force; our resources in help have been strictly limited, and we could not possibly take care of more than twenty million regular subscribers. Our yogi training school has been running full blast day and night, and every genuine trance medium in the country has been immediately snapped up by our manager, Gee. Ime. Mit. We have for some time practically controlled the market for spiritualists, and whenever

an astrologer or a seventh son or a palmist has hung up his sign, we have frozen him out, so that he was obliged to take a position with us.

But under the most favorable circumstances it takes from six to nine months to train a yogi; his astral body has to be specially trained for the work of our recording department and his subliminal self go through a course of instruction that would make the ordinary circus contortionist look like a rest cure. Every yogi who applies is immediately tested by his aura; if this assays four hundred vibrations to the cubic inch, and if it has no red waves we start him on simple work, such as recording complaints. But many yogis fail, and break down, and as they are scarce anyway, hitherto our force has only been kept up to its normal standard by hard work.

It occurred to Gee. Ime. Mit., however, that there must be throughout the world a large number of unconscious yogis and mediums, and that if we could locate them, it would be easy to break them in to our work. His great discovery was made one day when in Philadelphia; on the outskirts of that town he discovered a belt of unconscious mediums, in a half-somnolent state; our head yogi was sent out with a

force of assistants, and the result is that we now have a largely augmented staff of wonderful mediums, some of whom have a recording capacity of a million vibrations an hour.

We have therefore decided to open our regular subscription list to all those on the waiting list; but in view of the fact that our expenses are largely increased, we are compelled to raise the price to all new subscribers to fifteen dollars a year. Concentrate on any bright object, ask mentally that fifteen dollars be sent to Gee. Ime. Mit., and in a week you will be getting the Mental Life.

It must be understood, however, that this does not at first entitle you to all of the privileges of the third harmonic plane. These can only come through a long apprenticeship. You are under treatment from the moment you begin. You don't know this, of course, but that does not alter the fact. The things you see are the only unreality. Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Ryan, Mr. Cannon, and in fact most of our public men are all our mental subscribers, only

they don't know it—yet.

We have been treating Mr. Carnegie's subliminal self for a long time; we hope in time to get him to the point that he will give away money without wanting anyone to know it.

In the course of time, indeed, we anticipate that these gentlemen will all be united joyfully with their subliminal selves, and will thus be on the third harmonic plane and be able to see a blue disc with a yellow centre, which is the highest point reached before reincarnation.

We have received the following vibration, which, for the benefit of our coarse physical friends, we translate into ordinary prose:

Gee. Ime. Mit.
Sir:

I have long been a glad subscriber to the Mental Life, and enjoyed it very much, although I am sorry that you are running so many advertisements. Now I am very anxious for my husband also to be placed on your list, but, inasmuch as he has no will of his own, I am compelled to subscribe for him. I vibrate herewith fifteen dollars. Please send to him direct.

We have with great regret been compelled to refuse this request, and have promptly returned the lady's money. If her husband wants the Mental Life, he will have to make the effort himself. In the condition he is in, the Mental Life would do him no good anyway.

(Concluded on page 293)



PECANS
WALNUTS
GOOBERS
ALMONDS
\$1.25 Pound Mixed
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
UNIQUE BOOKLET, "HATCII AND APPETITE,"
Describes in full. Write for it.
Broadway at 30th St., N. Y. City
Hatcii

Great News For All

(Concluded from page 292)

It might be well to mention, along with our increase in subscription price, that we have been compelled to raise our advertising rates, which will hereafter be two hundred dollars a line, in any kind of good mental money.

Please bear in mind, that in becoming a Mental Lifer, you do nothing, once you have sent in your initial payment of fifteen dollars in imaginary money. In other words, for fifteen dollars you enter upon a hitherto unsuspected world—the only reality—and are carried along free of charge until your subliminal self has at last been restored to your consciousness, your astral body has been put in perfect condition, and you are firmly entrenched on the third harmonic plane and can see at any moment of the day and night a blue disc with a yellow centre.

Concentrate on Gee. Ime. Mit.—always with the fifteen.

(He will respond.)



Beyond the Limit

INDIGNANT CUSTOMER: I came in here yesterday and asked for a can of potted ham.

GROCER (soothingly): I gave you the best brand on the market. But now, you know, the manufacturers themselves do not pretend there is any ham in it.

INDIGNANT CUSTOMER: I didn't expect

Boston Garter

Vent Grip

Fits smoothly and keeps up the sock with neatness and security. It is comfortable because its wearer doesn't feel it.

The Boston Garter keeps its strength and excels in wear-value. Fully guaranteed—a new pair free if you find an imperfection. Easy to buy because all dealers have it.

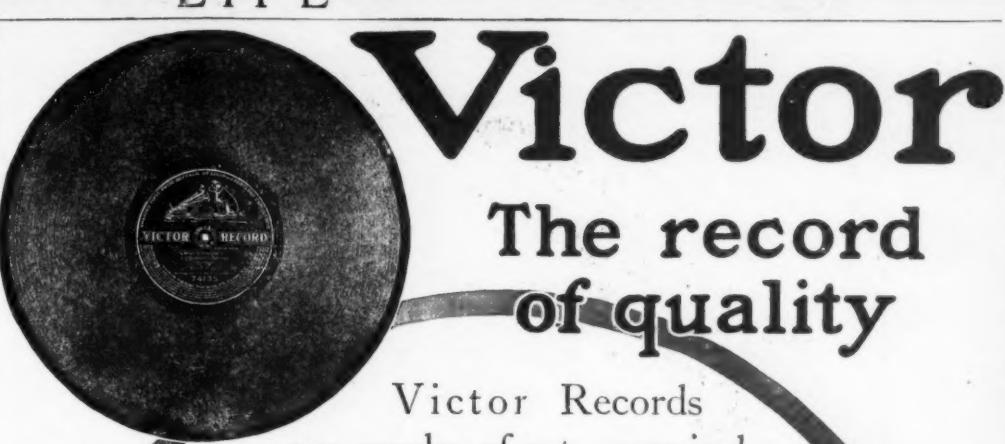
Boston Garters

Recognized the Standard, and Worn the World over by Well Dressed Men.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c, Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS

Boston, U.S.A.

Victor
The record
of quality

Victor Records
are works of art—musical
masterpieces.

They embody the very best music and entertainment of every kind, sung and played in the very best way by the very best artists, and reproduced absolutely true to life by the very best process—the new and improved Victor process of recording that results in a tone quality sweeter and clearer than was ever heard before.

Hearing is believing. Go today to the nearest Victor dealer's and he will gladly play any Victor music you want to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

The new Victor Record catalog lists more than 3000 selections—both single- and double-faced records. Same high quality—only difference is in price.

Victor Single-faced Records, 10-inch 60 cts; 12-inch \$1.
Victor Double-faced Records, 10-inch 75 cts; 12-inch \$1.25.
Victor Purple Label Records, 10-inch 75 cts; 12-inch \$1.25.
Victor Red Seal Records, 10- and 12-inch, \$1 to \$7.

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

New Victor Records are on sale
at all dealers on the 28th of each month

any ham, but the label says: "Potted Meat, Ham Flavor"—and they've even left out the flavor.

—Woman's Home Companion.

Cynicisms

Experience is the acid-test of advice. Many a man has written a best-seller before he thought.

Aristocracy is an acquired taste. All children are democratic.

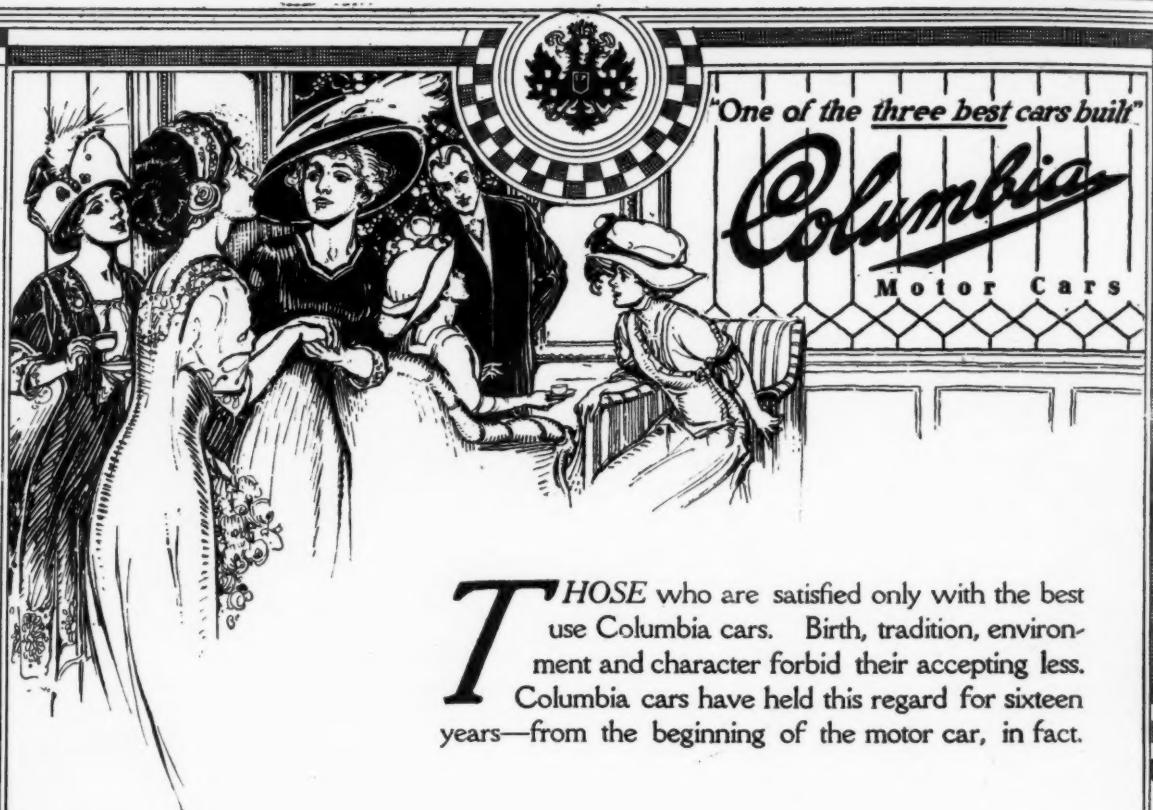
One can easily recognize an old family by the decay of its branches.

In the eyes of a traction magnate, the

millennium is that blissful state where nickels can be collected for no service whatsoever.

"Until a man finds a wife he is only a half," says the Sanskrit; but it doesn't follow that a man can become the whole thing by getting married.—Lippincott's.

GRAY MOTORS 3 H.P. \$60
Largest marine gasoline
engine concern in the world
2 H. P. Pumping and Stationary
Motor \$60.00. Write for Marine or
Farm Engine Catalogue.
GRAY MOTOR CO., 337 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.



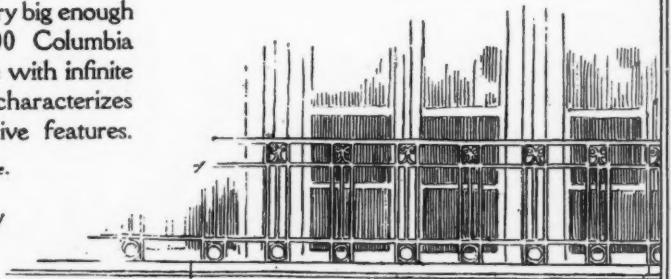
THOSE who are satisfied only with the best use Columbia cars. Birth, tradition, environment and character forbid their accepting less. Columbia cars have held this regard for sixteen years—from the beginning of the motor car, in fact.

Columbia cars are built in a factory big enough to build 5000 cars. Only 1000 Columbia cars are built annually and these with infinite care. Every refinement of detail characterizes them. They have many exclusive features.

Send for complete catalogue.

The Columbia Motor Car Company
Park and Laurel Sts., Hartford, Conn.

Member A. L. A. M.



LIFE



THE IMPROPER GUEST

"BEAUTIFUL, IS IT? WELL, I CAN TELL YOU THIS, GEORGE EMERSON PEABODY, THAT THING
AND I CAN'T LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE; YOU HAVE YOUR CHOICE!"

• LIFE •



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'yans Pres't.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



THAT was an amusing squib that was thrown into the Senatorial deadlock at Albany

by Bishop Ludden, of Syracuse. The Bishop, a Roman Catholic, communicated to the newspapers a signed statement in which he said that "bigotry and the old spirit of Know-nothingism" were at the bottom of the hesitation at Albany, and that "the real meaning of the opposition led by the Osbornes and others against New York Democrats led by Murphy" was "you are an Irishman, and that's agin you; you are a Catholic, and that's agin you, and your name is Murphy."

The interesting feature of this expression was that it was so ineffective. It was not only not true, but was immediately examined and dismissed as untrue. The opposition to Sheehan was neither racial nor religious, nor even personal, but political. It was an opposition based on the same grounds as the opposition of Governor Wilson in New Jersey to James Smith. The trouble with Mr. Smith was that he was understood to represent the principle of government by an inside ring for the benefit of its members and their friends. Governor Wilson did not want him, because he would not have represented in the Senate the voters of New Jersey who elected Wilson Governor. The Democratic rebels in Albany who would not go into caucus to be shackled by Tammany objected to Mr. Sheehan, because he would not represent in the Senate the voters who elected Dix.

Who would he represent?

In the eyes of a large proportion of the independent voters he would have represented Charles Murphy and his proprietors and customers. Mr. Shee-

han is entirely a practical man, and a disbeliever in the theory of something for nothing, and as Senator he would undoubtedly represent the men and the forces that made him Senator. Those men and those forces can never carry the State of New York at the polls. The effort in New York, like the effort in New Jersey, was an effort by the proprietors of a faction to fill an office that belonged to the whole State. When Murphy and Cahalan, with a verdict by voters confronting them, agreed to Dix for Governor they compromised. When, with no verdict of voters ahead, they picked Sheehan for Senator, relying on caucus rule to elect him, they tried to take all there was.

It doesn't matter a particle whether Sheehan is or is not an Irishman or a Catholic. The trouble with him is that as Senator he would not fairly represent the Democratic voters of the State, and would scare off independent voters who were inclined to act with the Democratic party.



BISHOP LUDDEN said:

According to our theory and system of government the majority rules, or is supposed to rule. That's our boasted system, and American patriots ought to stand by that system or expatriate themselves as do the Astors and other apostate patriots.

Majority rules, as the Bishop says. A majority vote of the Legislature elects the Senator. A majority vote also governs a caucus, but the Albany insurgents did not go into the Democratic caucus. The Bishop does not seem to understand the working of the protestant mind that will stay outside of the party machine rather than forswear essential liberties of thought and action. Plenty of Catholics, of course, have protestant minds; plenty of Catholics in this case are opposed to Sheehan. There are tens of thousands of Democrats in New York City that are outside of the Tammany organization, and will stay outside. Friedman, a Tammany Assemblyman who bolted the caucus and voted for Shepard, justified himself on the ground that his constituents were overwhelmingly for Shepard. Tammany represents only a fraction of the New York City Democrats. The rest are without representation in the party councils. Mur-

phy's caucus, including many unwilling members, did not represent them.

The fight at Albany was natural and inevitable, bound to come at the first considerable failure, forced or natural, of Murphy's discretion. It is not because Murphy is an Irishman, and not because he is a Catholic, but because he stands for Tammany, and because the Democratic party in New York State must be democratic and cannot live at the will and under the control of a trading despotism.



WE thank Bishop Ludden for freeing his mind. We wish all the Catholic clergy would speak out at all times on all subjects. They would say many indiscreet things and many things that are not so, and would be set right, and it would make them seem less detached from our common life and its emotions and misapprehensions, and more like the rest of us. Moreover, it would relieve the Protestant clergy from their present burden of contributing a large preponderance of the present supply of indiscretions of clerical speech.

After all, why didn't Tammany take Shepard? He suited a good many Tammany men. There was no such violent objection to him from Tammany as the insurgents felt for Sheehan. Tens of thousands of New York and Brooklyn Democrats wanted him and the Democratic League men yearned for him. Who turned him down? Was it Ryan? Do you think, Bishop Ludden, he was turned down because he was not a Catholic Irishman? We guess not. It could not have been that "the interests" opposed him, for there was Mr. Morgan's next friend and lawyer, Mr. Stetson, writing columns of excellent letters for him to the *Times* and *Sun*. Who turned down Mr. Shepard, and why? Was it because he is a freer man, with a mind less sympathetic to hidden purposes and less susceptible to suggestion than Mr. Sheehan's? We don't know, but not knowing helps one to understand the cry for popular election of Senators. Lorimer could not have faced the voters in Illinois, nor Sheehan in New York.



IF OUR DREAMS CAME TRUE

Life's Fashion Reform League

Opening of New Building and Announcement of Location Universally Satisfactory

OUR new building on Upper Fifth Avenue, overlooking former Central Park, now Life Park, on Life Square, has been the subject for general congratulation during the past week.

Senator Buggenhimer said:

"I am glad to see that Central Park has at last been renamed in honor of a well known art movement and commercial enterprise. I regret, of course, that some of our more prominent department stores had not thought of the thing before, but perhaps after all *LIFE* can handle it better than any one else."

We may say that the idea of renaming some of the public thoroughfares of New York and also of other well known areas, did not originate with us. Times Square is familiar to all New Yorkers, as also is Herald Square and Gimbel Square. We understand that a movement is on foot to call Broadway Cohenway, so that above all things, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not the first in the field.

Honor to whom honor is due.

It is generally conceded to be a happy thought, however, that we were first in the field with regard to the old Central Park (that was). As Life Park it will soon become generally known throughout the country. We are contemplating having the Museum of Art made over into a hotel for the use of our patrons. Announcement of this later.

It is also generally conceded that women's clothes are more important than anything else in this country. The high art movement we are conducting at present is therefore of paramount importance. Mayor Gaynor was delighted to think that the thing had been done.

"How fortunate," he exclaimed, "that our city has such a large and beautiful park for your exclusive use! Nothing could be better. Our forefathers builded wiser than they knew."

We shall not at present use the whole of the New Life Park. Citizens may still use the west side. But we shall put the Mall into immediate use as a promenade for some of our most exclusive models. In this way it will soon become the sartorial art center of the country, instead of being used, as formerly, by *hoi polloi*, for a parade ground.

Our opening day was attended by a vast throng, that came in from all parts of the country. The soundness of our



LESSONS IN SMART DEPORTMENT

NO. 1.—HOW TO LOOK FETCHINGLY DÉCLASSÉE. ONE SHOULD ALLOW ONE'S SELF TO BE YANKED LANGUIDLY UP THE AVENUE BY A SPITZ-CARLTON, HELD BY AN OPAL COLLAR AND PLATINUM LEASH. THIS MANNER IS DU TRÈS, TRÈS BUM-MONDE.

position is not attested by the enormous number of patrons. Practically every hamlet in the country now has a local chapter, and as we practically control all of the leading dressmakers, everybody will be forced to come in.

It must be thoroughly understood, however, that our Institute is not a dressmaker's establishment for purely commercial purposes. It is a great art movement, designed to produce the most

NO. 2.—HOW TO LOOK THIN, THOUGH FAT. WEAR A MILITARY LITTLE COAT, AN "UMBRELLA" SKIRT, AND WALK RAPIDLY. THIS MAKES PEOPLE THINK ONE SLIM AND GIRLISH, AS IT SHOWS EVERY CURVE OF THE FIGURE.

fetching clothes for women the world has ever seen, and to which there is absolutely no limit.

America for the Americans.

We embrace the whole gamut of clothes from the cradle to the grave.

A mother writes:

"I am very desirous to have an outfit for my baby that will conform to the latest style, but unfortunately my husband has been unsuccessful lately in several

deals, and we are somewhat cramped. What would you advise?"

A case like this is precisely where we are able to show our great power. Owing to the study we have made of the latest and most improved babies' clothes, not to speak of a number of original designs of our own, we are able to send patterns for a complete baby's outfit which you can make in your own home, for only One Thousand Dollars.

This includes several pieces of real lace, and the finest imported blankets.

Only the very smartest effects.

We have just opened up a training school for young girls, and for this purpose have engaged several New York girls of sixteen or thereabouts (see Fig. 3) to act as mentors to their country cousins.

The modesty and refined carriage of the young New York girl (see Figs. 1 and 2) who walks up and down Fifth Avenue are too well known to need extended comment. What we propose to do is to make every young girl in the country just like her.

This may seem to produce too much uniformity, but in reality it will be the highest art.

Our patrons should remember that on arrival they are to call on us at once and register their names and addresses.

Walk right in and make yourself at



LESSONS IN SMART DEPORTMENT

NO. 3.—THE CORRECT SANS-GÉNE ATTITUDE FOR A YOUNG MISS WHO IS WAITING FOR A FRIEND IN PEACOCK ALLEY TO JOIN HER IN THE FIVE O'CLOCK HIGHBALL.



Real Estate Agent: YES, MR. HIPPO, I HAVE SOME LOTS THAT WILL JUST SUIT YOU. THEY'RE HIGH AND DRY—ER—THAT IS—ER—THEY'RE LOW AND WET EVEN WHEN THE TIDE IS OUT.

home. Make-up room on right as you enter. Pattern room in rear.

We make no clothes on premises. All we do is to instruct our patrons. We hope, however, to put up several large establishments soon in various parts of Life Park. Notice of this later.

No more foreign made goods.

We stop at nothing. Every known material used.

Women everywhere, join the League. It will be soon the only way in which you can retain your husband's affection.

Think This Over

WHY do YOU take yourself so seriously?

The Matter of the Maine

AS the raising of the *Maine* progresses, rumors gather that the amphibious gentlemen who are on the job have found evidence that she was sunk by an internal explosion.

So, probably, she was—by an internal explosion following an external explosion. A mine blew a hole in her and exploded her magazines. So the evidence indicated and the Board of Inquiry found.

Don't believe rumors to the contrary that rise out of the mud. Wait for the autopsy. If you can't wait, back the Board of Inquiry rather than rumors.



"GOLLY! DIS HYAR SNOW SHO DO MAKE A PUSSON CON-
SPICUOUS!"

Comparative Hazards

Flying through the air is a great sport, and no more dangerous than automobileing.—*Wilbur Wright*.

YES; not a bit. Flying is fine, and remarkably safe, as Mr. Wright says. The hitch is all along of alighting. Autos are handier to get out of, usually, when the motor stops. When that happens to an auto it stands still, but when it happens to an aeroplane it runs away. Collision is the danger both to autos and aeroplanes. Autos collide only in the horizontal plane. Aeroplanes collide mainly in the perpendicular plane. There is always a large substantial obstacle in their way when they run away in the perpendicular plane, and they are sure to reach it. That is the main hindrance to entire enjoyment of them at present.

Literary Hope

THE new novel of New York life, announced for early publication by a well-known publisher, will be entitled, *Doctored Scheckels and Mr. Hyde*.

"Devilish Tricks"



SURGEON-GENERAL SIR JAMES H. THORNTON, K.C.B., M.B., Fellow of Kings College, speaks of experiments on living animals as "so coarse, barbarous, objectionless, and utterly absurd that it would be difficult to credit their having been performed had not the experimenters themselves described them in detail, having evidently felt much pride and satisfaction in performing them. They remind one of the pranks of some mischievous child, who pulls his toys to pieces 'to see what's inside.' Such proceedings are obviously the reverse of scientific, and ought to render the performers liable to criminal prosecution. The name of science is degraded and dishonored by being associated with devilish tricks like these, which appear to have been done partly from sheer cruelty, and partly to gratify morbid curiosity."

Which seems to tally with public opinion in this country. But the "Scientists" who are trying to ignore this public opinion might do well to digest another statement from the same source: "It is to be hoped that the medical profession as a body will perceive the advisability, and, indeed, the necessity, of giving up vivisection of their own accord, and will thus avoid the humiliation of being compelled by law to abandon it."

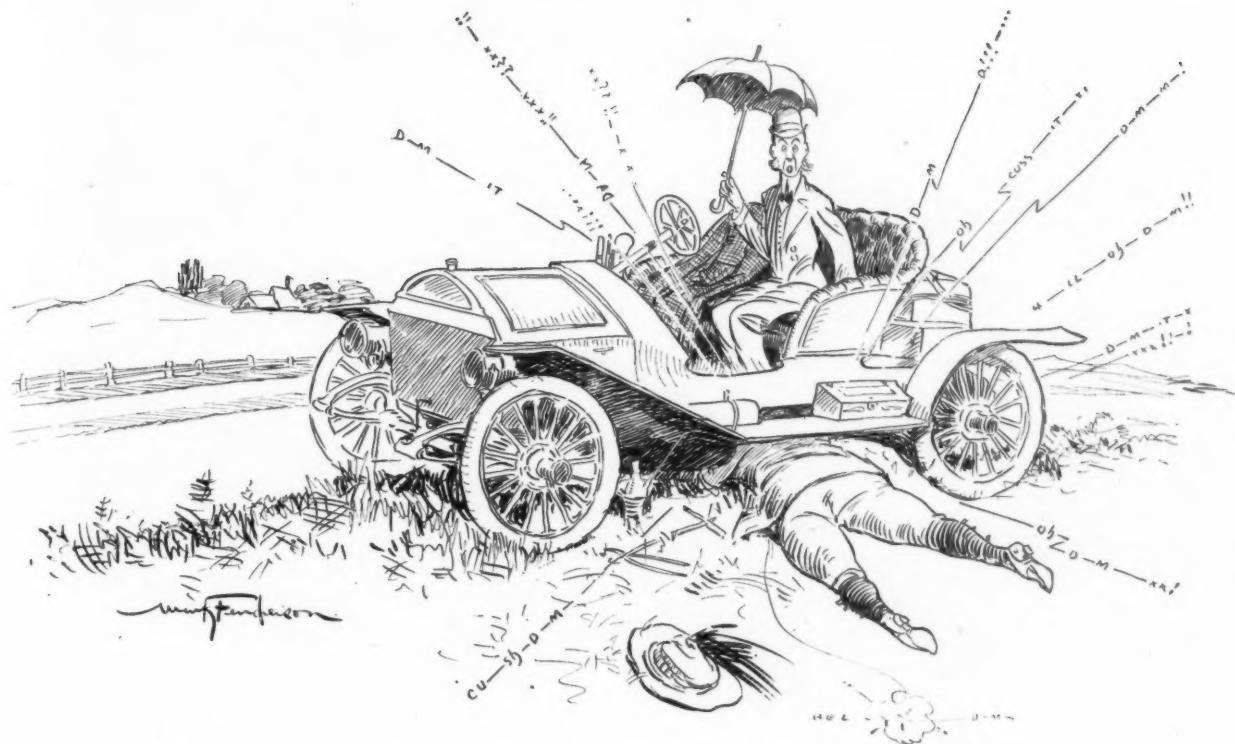
Faith

"WHAT is faith, Johnny?" asks the Sunday school teacher. "Pa says," answers Johnny, "that it's readin' in the papers that the price o' things has come down, an' expectin' to find it true when the bills comes in."



HOME AGAIN

"FOUND ANYTHING?"
"NOT YET. BUT I THINK SHE HAS A DIAMOND HIDDEN IN THIS MOLE!"



"OH, LIZZIE! IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT DREADFUL LANGUAGE I'LL NEVER GO OUT WITH YOU AGAIN!"

Protection

PROTECTION is without honor save in its own country. Almost any old steel magnate who reaps his wild oats in Pittsburgh and sows them subsequently in New York, can tell you with nonpareil glibness that a protective tariff is the only genuine Simon-pure sublimate, provided always that you are talking about the United States. But merely drop an initial hint that you desire his views on protection as to Japan or, for that matter, any other outlying nationality, and he will convince you in an infinitesimal part of a jiffy that protection is just about the worst policy a nation could possibly adopt.

And why not? Time was when a protective tariff for Japan could be defended on the score of the infantility of her industries, but the "infant industry" argument has long since been laid to rest. In the bright lexicon of the modern mellifluent politician, there is no such word as "infant industry."

But there is danger in the situation, nevertheless, and, to avoid confusion and misunderstanding on the part of the unsophisticated populace, a law should be passed requiring all those who favor protection to use the English language and all those who oppose it to use the Japanese language while the Esperantists should be forbidden any discussion of it whatsoever.



HE GOT IT

"I HAVE USED TWELVE BOTTLES OF YOUR 'MAGIC WRINKLE ERADICATOR' AND NOW I WANT MY MONEY BACK. DO I GET IT?"



SOME ATTRACTIONS OF FIFTH AVENUE

Letters to a Daughter

III

DEAREST GLADYS:

Your father tells me that you have drawn on him at sight for a thousand dollars, which delighted me greatly, because it showed me that your schooling had not been in vain. Of course, your dear old dad didn't like it—men never like to be surprised, no matter how small the amount. But you are wise in beginning so early, and while I am on the subject I must warn you not to ignore matters of business. This is the mistake so many girls make, and later on—the collection of alimony, for example—they are the sufferers.

Pick up all the business terms you can. Dip into Wall Street also—you can deal through my brokers, the Pentons—and even if you lose it will open up a new field for you and make you a broader, better and wiser woman.

That is one reason why, in your education, I regard bridge as so valuable. It gives you confidence in yourself. Of course, your weak point is arithmetic—it always is with women—but by keeping your own bridge score you can strengthen yourself immensely.

I'm glad I happened to mention bridge, because it brings me to a most important subject. Your tendency will be to play it too much. This is the mistake of youth. You throw yourself into one thing to the exclusion of others. Play steadily, therefore, and keep a record of your winnings and losses. If you are running behindhand it is because you do not play to the score, you do not play to honors, or your no-trump makes are too infrequent. Consider also the people you are playing with. Always play a square game with men. You can win from them just as well this way as the other, and in the long run it is easier. Indeed, you may put it down as an axiom that it always pays to be square with men, except in love matters—that is, until after you are married. But by that time, my dear Gladys, you will, I hope, have learned to govern yourself.

I heard of you at Pauline's house party the other day. She said some nice things about you. I am sure you will do us all credit. But I heard you drank a cocktail without a cherry in it. Don't do it again, dear. This is only affected by habitual drinkers. The sweet woman—and you must always keep a certain atmosphere of sweetness about you—never takes a cocktail except for the cherry.

Au revoir.

Your loving mother,

M.

IV

G LADYS DEAR:

I want to say more to you about the habit of drinking, because it is really of the utmost importance. I don't know what would have happened to me if I had not pulled myself

up short; and if a person of my will power and determination was in danger, you must see that great care is necessary.

Remember that your dear old mother is not preaching to you—preaching is always in such wretched bad taste, anyway—but it is necessary for me to caution you. You may drink more freely with women than in any other circumstances. Women, drinking together, are usually harmless. But never drink alone with a man; and above all, never take cocktails before breakfast. Always keep before you, in your mind's eye, so to speak, your complexion, your weight, and your future. I should advise you, indeed, to abstain altogether, did I not know that this, among our people, would be considered vulgar. You see, my dear, it requires the utmost discrimination. You cannot afford to be unconventional under thirty. After that, if you are married, and a real leader, you can do unconventional things if they are wild enough. But even then they require a certain amount of genius in the doing.

The point I wish to make with cocktails and wine is that in common with the indulgence in other things, such as bridge, love and your church duties, you must never forget that you are a woman. Ah, so many promising girls have been cast away on this rock!

Keep your femininity, my dear. Be the best all around sport in the world—as I hope I am—but always preserve a certain appearance of weakness, of dependence. It is your greatest strength.

Our old rector called to-day and wished to be remembered to you. By the way, he asked if you had ever been confirmed. My impression is that when the Bishop was here for that purpose you were at your first house party. No, I am quite sure you never have been.

I would do so, my dear, at the first opportunity. You cannot hope to advance yourself in any way unless you are in good standing in the church—that is to say, unless you are, the foundation will always be weak. Besides, it will be such a comfort to you. The Bishop is such a dear, fatherly man. I'm sure he will take a great interest in you. Think this over and let me know your own heart. Meantime I will look over the Stock Exchange membership and the Union Club for an available godfather.

Your father is building another house for me. The plans are rather interesting.

Of course, dear, if you sail for Europe before the Bishop comes again, you can wait for another year. Still, I would not put it off too long. Do you say your prayers regularly? I know you will laugh at me, but it only comes of my tendency, when I am on the subject, to dispose of it once and for all. You know the old-fashioned way—on your knees—has all gone out. The rector and I agree about it perfectly. He says it's



"DEUS EX MACHINA."

the mental attitude that counts. I usually set aside five minutes for this purpose on my morning drive. It keeps me in tune all day—and any time before that I am never in the right temper.

Ever thine, lovingly,

(To be continued)

M.

Door Slammed Again at Princeton

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE has resigned a professorship of English literature in Princeton University with expressions of dissatisfaction, not to say resentment.

Why do lapses of concurrence and disparities of ideal find so wide an advertisement when they happen in the Princeton faculty? Even Columbia's jars are not so noisy as Princeton's.

The Fashion of Armament

RICHARD OLNEY, formerly Secretary of State, Moorfield Storey and Francis Lynde Stetson, noted lawyers, and Jordan and Faunce, college presidents, are among the very well-known and respected people who think it a mistake to fortify the Panama Canal.

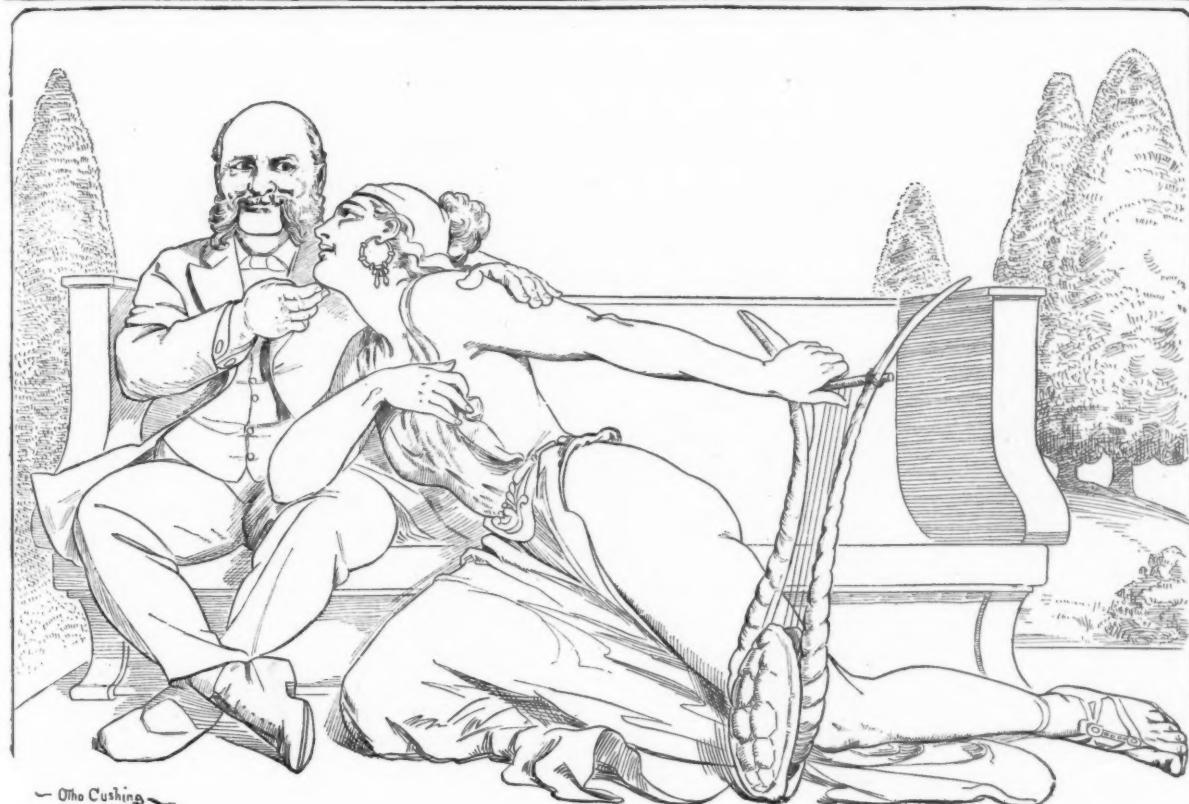
An Englishman, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1911), declares that it is absurd for us to have much of a navy, and makes a plausible argument for his opinion.

How far is it true, do you suppose, that we have contracted timidity from association with nations that have something to be scared about, whereas we are geographically and economically safe from serious damage from external violence?

Needs are partly a matter of fashion. We like to live as the neighbors do and have, if we can afford it, about what they have. It is a nice question just how far we are following a fashion not necessary to us, in stocking up with warships and fortifying our canal.

Of course, we need some navy, but where is the point where our Dreadnaughts become a mere fool hobble-skirt that we had better shed?

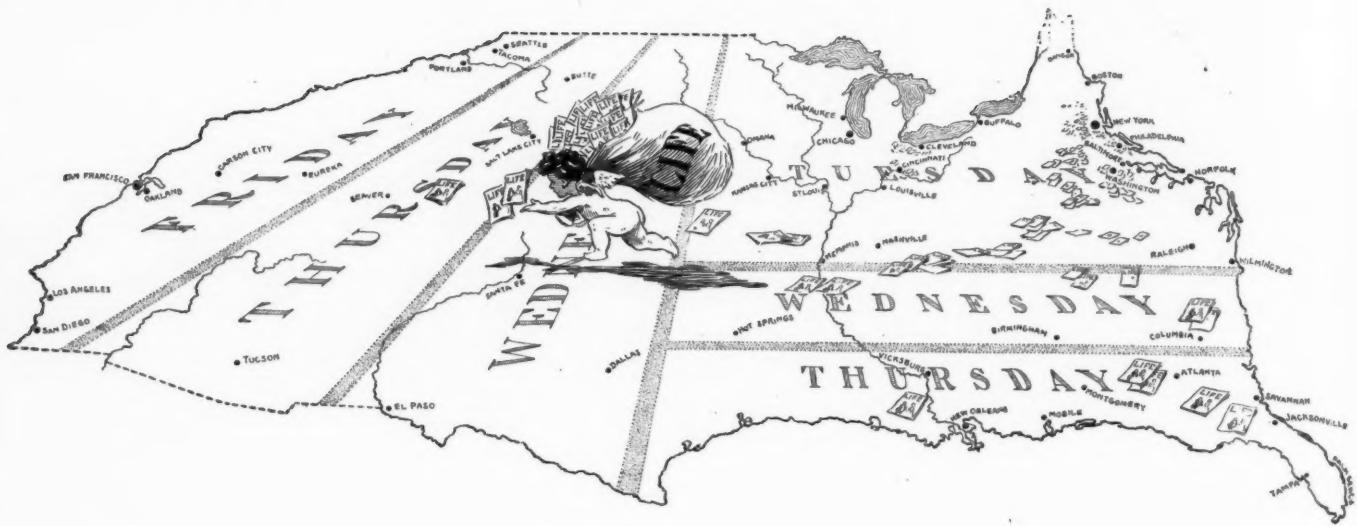
IT sometimes takes a girl a long time to learn that a flirtation is attention without intention.



— Otto Cushing —

HISTORIC AFFINITIES

ANTHONY COMSTOCK AND SAPPHO



LIFE ON HIS WEEKLY ROUNDS



The Human Cook Book

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER

To the talent of being a liar in paint,
Add the power to gush by the week,
And chuck in some French words like "onvelopay,"
"Plew faseel," "Trays aebel," and "Tray sheek."

A STRAP-HANGER

Take one Harlem goat, adding hurry,
Jam against ribs, lungs and waist,
Keep stirring in back of oven
And season with curses to taste.





"I SHAY—THAT FELLOW MUST A BEEN PARALYZED"

Bear It, Pennsylvania

HERE seems to be a rather serious stir in Pennsylvania about the nakedness of the groups of statuary that George Barnard has made for the State capitol. It is practicable to put drapery on them, and possibly it may have to be done.

That would be a great pity. The statues in their natural state will do the Pennsylvanians good; educate their artistic sense and improve them mentally without the least eventual damage to their morals.

It is not because they are bad that sculptors and others favor the nude in marble, but only because they are enlightened. Pennsylvania is old enough to have learned that, but not too old to learn it now. She needs those statues just as Barnard sculpted them.

Literary Note

C LAYHANGER is an English novel much commended, of which the American equivalent is *Straphanger*. It is about folks in that walk of life.

At the Zoo

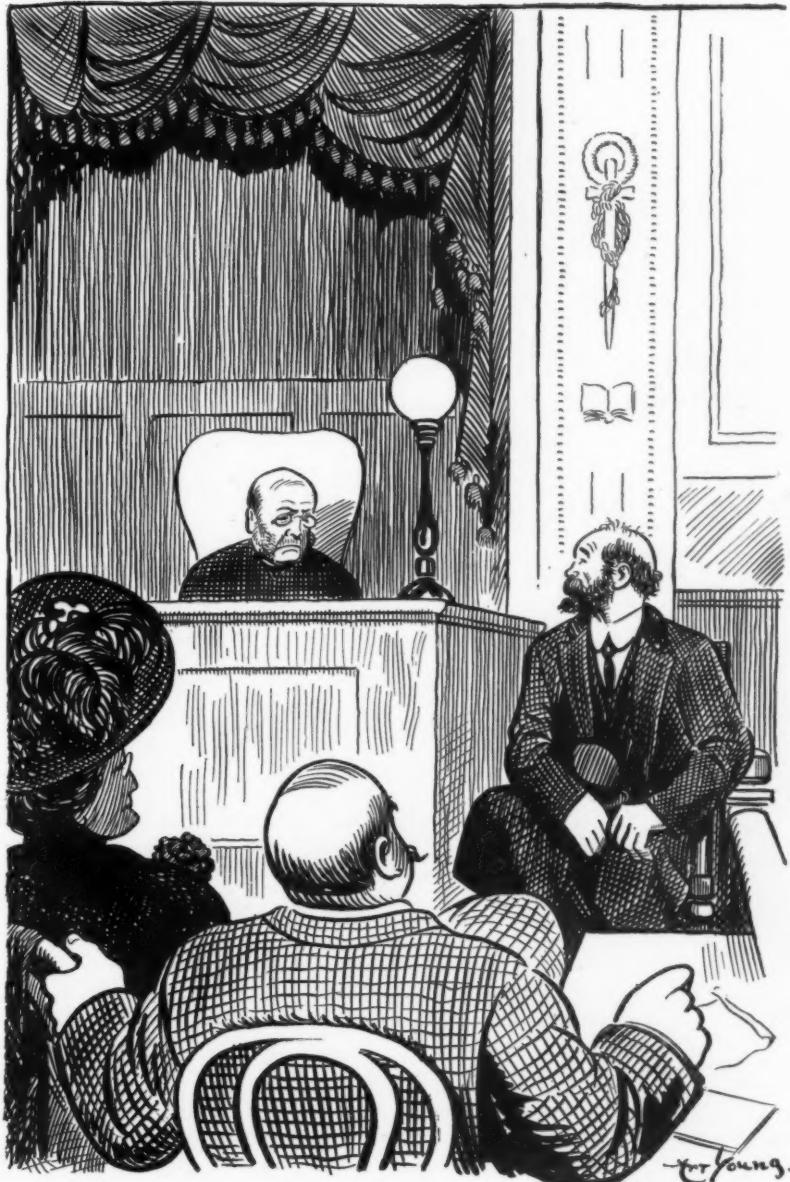
JOHNNY: Grandpa, do lions go to Heaven?

GRANDPA: No, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Well, do ministers?

GRANDPA: Why, of course. Why do you ask?

JOHNNY: Well, suppose a lion eats a minister.



*Witness: SHE CALLED ME A BRUTE, I SLAPPED HER FACE AND CALLED HER A LIAR
—THEN SHE KICKED ME AND CALLED ME—*

Judge: WELL, GO ON.

"WELL, THEN WE STARTED TO QUARREL."

Beware of These Doctors

THE German University of Prague has offered Emperor William the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and he has accepted.

That will make at least two Doctors of

Medicine, of high degree, who don't know their job.

The other is Charles W. Eliot, M.D., Harvard, 1909.

Don't call in either of these physicians except for very simple cases.



THE HOMES OF THEIR GRANDCHILDREN

BULLS & BEARS

THE stock market still continues to be the absorbing topic of Wall Street. Last Monday the market did not open until ten o'clock. This was due to several causes, all of which were satisfactorily explained, however, in ample time for the shorts to cover.

The shorts remained covered until eleven thirty, when they emerged on a report of decreased gold shipments. Money was quoted at three per cent. with no takers. Prices moved feebly.

At eleven forty-five the Board of Governors announced that something must be done in order to keep up appearances. On the strength of this brokers rushed around as if something had actually happened. Several sales were washed and hung out to dry. The shorts covered again and the longs uncovered.

This continued all the rest of Tuesday and until late in the day on Wednesday. Prices fluctuated to a considerable degree, but on the whole the re-

sults were favorable. No effect on business was noticeable.

On Thursday, the market experienced a decided setback due to the action of Congress in passing a large number of pension bills. It is not that the market is particularly afraid of pension bills, but that it has come to look upon any action of Congress as harmful. Prices rose to the highest point of the year under the most violent selling pressure in the history of the street. When prices reached that point it was reported that the outlook was very good. All the brokers tried to find out what the real trouble was, but only half of them succeeded. The other half covered their losses and went home.

On Friday the annual report of the Daughters of the Revolution tended to allay the quiet manipulation which has been under way ever since the Spanish War. London immediately sold off. A half hour later, however, London sold on again, which made it all right, according to the insiders. This condition was reflected in the local market at one fifty-five. Then there came a slight movement in the industrial group which indicated a strong undertone. From then until the close of the market, prices were fitful.

Nothing but the bank statement was done on Saturday.

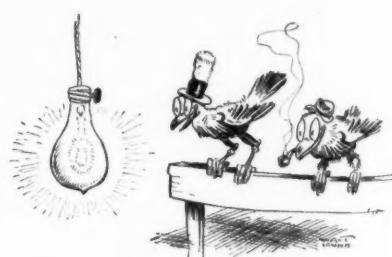
Contrast

IT is easy enough to be pleasant

When the government hands you incorporation papers which give you free rein to form a trust and gouge and loot the people to your heart's content,

But the man worth while is the man who can smile

When the government comes around a few years later and says, "Here, the people are not satisfied with this arrangement and I'll have to regulate you or lose my job."



"BY THE GREAT DODO, BILL, COME LOOK AT THE BOTTLED GLOW-WORM!"

In Behalf of a Struggling Industry



HAT infant industry in New York called the hotel and restaurant business is conducted on a basis entirely too altruistic. The public gets entirely too much for its money. Besides that, many patrons are permitted to retain a few dollars which by proper management might be directed into the pockets of the proprietors.

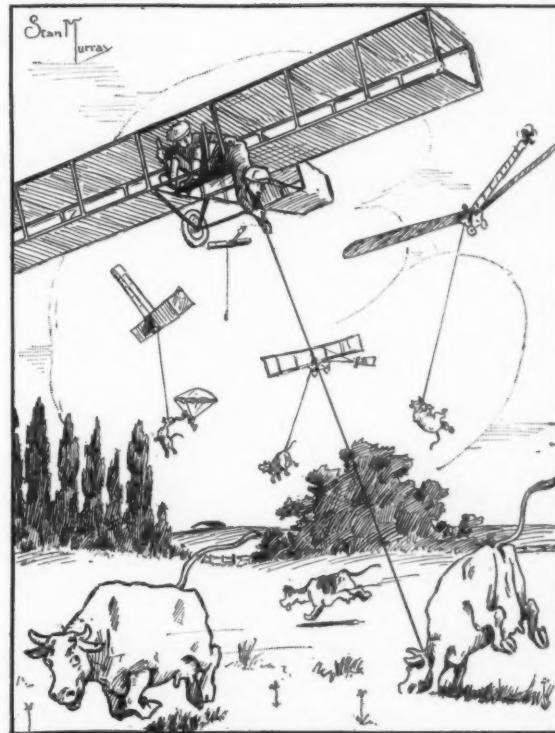
For instance, there is the matter of checking hats and coats. As it is, this is all done at one place. The surly and ill-mannered cubs in charge of this department of the graft are usually able to grab the possessions of patrons before they get into the restaurants, but occasionally one manages to get by with his hat or stick in his own possession. This should never be.

Besides, the checking is usually conducted in one place. There should be three—one for hat-pins, one for hats, canes and umbrellas, and one for outer apparel. With an energetic assistant bandit in charge of each, this would permit the collection of three tips where it is now possible to graft only once.

The matter of charges in the restaurant is also sadly mismanaged. Many sources of income are entirely overlooked. These items might very properly be added to the bill of fare



THE TEMPTATION



DOMESTICATING THE ARK

BRINGING HOME THE COWS AT MILKING TIME. OR WOULD IT BE EASIER TO BRING HOME THE MILK AND LEAVE THE COWS?

and no one will object. Every American is afraid to make a protest in public against extortion because he is afraid some one may think him unable to pay, or too stingy, or—worst of all—that instead of being a "high-roller" he is only a "piker."

Music (whether you want it or not) per person.....	\$0.50
Napkins, p. p.10
Napkins (if tucked in collar) p. p.20
Headwaiter, for taking order, p. p.50
Headwaiter, for saying "Good-day," or "Good-evening," p. p.50
Oysters, per oyster.....	.10
Each question asked of headwaiter.....	1.00
Use of bill of fare, p. p.15
Looking in mirrors, per look.....	.25
Walking on carpet, p. p.25
Sassing waiter, per sass.....	1.00
Kicking to the proprietor, per kick.....	5.00
Extra knives, with fish or pie, per knife.....	.15
Ladies smoking cigarettes, per lady.....	.25
Waiter, for lifting off covers, per cover.....	.25
Use of waiter's thumb in soup, p. p.15
Wiping plates with waiter's soiled napkin, per wipe.....	.20
Matches, each.....	.05
Use of match safe for striking matches, per strike.....	.05
Incivility of employees.....	no charge
Breathing, per breath.....	.10
Water, unless taken with wine or spirits, p. p.50
Finger bowls, if used.....	.15

With these additions to the bill of fare it is believed that the business can be made to pay and that no patron can escape with a cent in his pocket. No change need be made in the quality of the food. Americans know nothing of good cooking and if you give them noisy service, plenty of gorging and a dinky band playing dinky music they will stand anything in the way of bad treatment, poor food and high charges.

Jacques Rencontré de Veau.



Not Putting Our Best Foot Forward



MR. HENRY JAMES, a well-known literary gentleman, sat in a stage box at the first New York performance of Mr. Edward Sheldon's new play, "The Boss." Mr. James has lately lived much in England. Those who have been able to become familiar with his writings say that his standpoint is an elevated one and that he uses only the finest words and sentences, marvelous in their architecture, which is of the early Gothic school, with many bastions, pergolas, flying buttresses, adjects, appanages, gargoyles, clerestories, finials, peristyles, cupolas, lean-to and peripheries. His intimate acquaintance with America and its life ceased several years ago. The impression that "The Boss" created in his mind, as a picture of contemporary American culture, must have been a painful one.

Not being a mind-reader, LIFE does not know just what that impression was. Mr. James lived long in the refined atmosphere of

Boston, of the *Atlantic Monthly* of yore and of that respectable Massachusetts educational institution, Harvard College. It must have grieved him that a graduate of that school of culture could write a play in which the words "hell" and "damn" occurred so frequently. LIFE agrees with Mr. James in feeling that they occurred too frequently. A dramatist with a little more experience than Mr. Sheldon could probably indicate that his hero was a political boss of low origin and a disregard for the elegancies of life with fewer "hells" and "damns," so that they would not finally jar on ears even less exquisitely attuned to complicated English than those of Mr. James.

LIFE also agrees with what Mr. James is likely to have thought in the matter of the development of the heroine. Granting that she may have been drawn to the coarse hero in the beginning by that strange magnetism which some women develop in themselves and which draws them to their apparent inferiors in the opposite sex, the author shows with too little clearness the emotional processes leading to her subsequent revulsions into disgust and her final shifting into wifely love.

Perhaps LIFE and Mr. James are inclined to judge Mr. Sheldon's play from too lofty a plane. If it should be taken simply as a melodramatic vehicle to display the acting powers of Mr. Blinn and not as Exhibit A in the culture of which Mr. James is a shining light, it may be said to be an entertaining example of what a fresh pen can do with material which has been pretty well threshed over in the periodical press and in other plays. The author has evidently not intended, or not

been able, to gain complete sympathy for his leading characters, and has thereby made them less effective dramatically but certainly more correctly human. His hero is not the coarse, strong man with all the virtues that audiences love. He is a successful bully with the mean qualities that go with the character in real life. He squeals like a rat when he is in a tight place. The heroine is a human weakling, at times without the courage of her convictions and at others without the courage of her affections. The uncertainty of these characters gives the play a problematical interest which it would have lacked if they had been drawn closer to theatrical conventions. Their inconsistencies alone make possible the "happy ending" of the story.

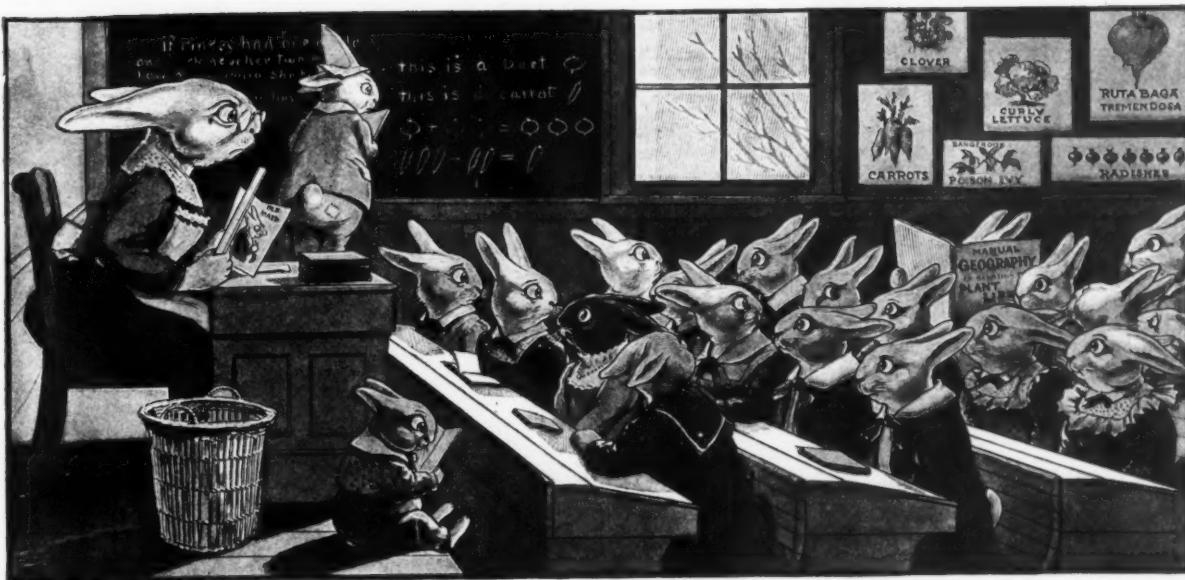
The interest of the play outside the study of these two characters comes from the use of theatrical devices which have been worn well nigh threadbare. Mr. Sheldon uses them ingeniously, but the total of this accomplishment, no matter where it may land in popular favor, is not up to the results in either "Salvation Nell" or "The Nigger."

Mr. Holbrook Blinn as *Michael R. Regan* has added another to his growing list of distinct stage creations. The author has indicated pretty clearly the statesman who suggested the character. Mr. Blinn has been wise enough not to attempt any physical resemblance, but he and the lines of the play make the original pretty clearly recognizable to any one who has followed political stories in the newspapers of New York State for the past four or five years. In fact the resemblance is so close that it is possible, to use legal parlance, "an action might lie." Fortunately the prototype is not sensitive and the play is likely to live out its natural life. Mr. Blinn certainly makes the character interesting, redeeming it by its one good quality, its sense of the humorous in every confronting circumstance and condition. Without this quality it would have been simply repulsive even as a sociological exhibit. A slight effort at depicting an innate loyalty is made the most of by Mr. Blinn, but is negated by the mean cunning made more potent. Even his dogged love for the heroine is brought down to a material basis.

Miss Emily Stevens is harvesting the fruits of her considerable apprenticeship with Mrs. Fiske. Her teaching is shown a little by imitation of mannerisms of speech, but more creditably in freedom from conventional poses and movements. Her impersonation of the young girl of social position quixotically marrying the tough politician to save her father from disgrace was done fully in the spirit of the author's creation. He has not defined the part clearly, which



THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR



"THE ENTIRE CLASS WILL REMAIN UNTIL I FIND THE PUPIL WHO SENT ME THIS SCURRILOUS VALENTINE."

made Miss Stevens's work difficult, but she made clear the inconsistent moods of attraction and repulsion called for. The other parts in the play are "bits" generally well done and especially so in the case of Mr. Frank Sheridan as *Archbishop Sullivan*, whom the boss irreverently refers to as "the bish."

"The Boss" certainly holds the interest, at least of the men folks and such women as are waking up to civic conditions. It is not likely to attract or please the matinee girl.

THEATRICAL entertainment really ought to have something more to it than the performance of a star, no matter how excellent an artist that star may be. The trouble with the play of "Sire" at the Criterion is that

all there is to it is the agreeable personality and delightful method in speech and action of Mr. Otis Skinner. The play, by Lavedan, is said to have been a genuine success in Paris, but it evidently met with bad luck in translation or adaptation. It starts with prolonged explanation which would be justified only by a complicated plot, but turns out to have no plot and no denouement. Mr. Skinner impersonates an actor who is willing, to help out his necessities, to counterfeit the lost Dauphin in order to save the

reason of a Royalist spinster who believes that personage lives and is the real king of France instead of the reigning Louis Philippe. The play ends nowhere and does not even show whether the ruse was successful.

The only thing "Sire" does is to demonstrate that Mr. Skinner's ability is sadly wasted in one play when they are badly needed in another.

RUMORS are abroad that Mr. Charles Frohman is contemplating a spectacular production of "King Lear," with Miss Maude Adams in the title part.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL
GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

Astor—"The Boss," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. See above.

Belasco—"The Concert." Women's adoration of the professional musician turned into a clever comedy, well staged and well acted.

Bijou—Mr. Henry Miller in "The Havoc." The matrimonial triangle in another phase. Not especially interesting to the person with a normal mind.

Broadway—"The Hen-Pecks." Notice later.

Casino—"Marriage a la Carte." A few good songs as the distinctive marks of a musical piece in which Emmy Wehlen and Mr. Harry Conor are featured.

Comedy—"I'll Be Hanged if I Do." Mr. William Collier making his usual fun in a farcical American comedy.

Criterion—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Sire." See above.

Daly's—"The Faun." Fantastic comedy of artificial humanity brought down to natural logic.

Empire—"Trelawny of the Wells." Revival of Pinero's excellent comedy with a fairly competent cast.

Gaiety—"Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Laughable exposition of the confidence man and his methods.

Garrick—"Our World." Notice later.

Globe—"The Slim Princess." Diverting musical piece with Elsie Janis and Mr. Joseph Cawthorne.

Hackett—"Over Night." Farce of the day, not overly funny nor overly refined.

Herold Square—"The Paradise of Mahomet." Rather old-fashioned musical show with tuneful music by Planquette and Grace Van Studdiford's good singing.

Hippodrome—Brilliant ballet, imposing spectacle and circus features.

Hudson—"Nobody's Widow." Light American comedy, well acted by Blanche Bates and good cast.

Knickerbocker—"Chantecleer." Rostand's poetic allegory commercialized.

Lyceum—"Suzanne." Pointless Belgian comedy with Miss Billie Burke as the star.

Lyric—"The Deep Purple." Well staged and well acted thriller of crooked life in New York.

Majestic—"Way Down East." The rural life of New England in conventional, sentimental melodrama.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Gamblers." Strong drama of New York business life, well acted.

Nazimova—"Baby Mine." Amusing and well acted American farcical comedy based on a dilemma of new married life.

New—Repertory with "The Piper" as the novelty. Notice later.

Republic—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Refreshing depiction of girl life in a small New England town.

Wallack's—"Pomander Walk." Sentimental comedy of English life a century ago, beautifully staged and well acted by English company.

Weber's—"Alma, Where Do You Live?" Ordinary farce carried by a few clever tunes.

• LIFE •



Frequently

WHAT WE WANT, WE CAN'T HAVE, AND WHAT WE CAN HAVE

LIFE.



Frequently

AND WHAT WE CAN HAVE WE DON'T WANT.

"The fickleness of the women I love is only equaled by the
infernal constancy of the women who love me."
—*The Philanderer*.



THERE is a hand organ just outside my window that is playing "Any Little Girl That's a Nice Little Girl is the Right Little Girl for Me"—a rippling, catchy, innocently impudent bit of ragtime, with a tag that has caught a shred of the eternal verities and is posing as a cynic in consequence. And somehow, while this is the last tune that one would associate with Jesse Lynch Williams's *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls* (Scribners, \$1.50), it makes a singularly appropriate accompaniment to a review of that volume. For Mr. Williams has written with a rippling, catchy, innocently impudent garrulity; he makes an effective and often a witty show of cynicism over exposing the motives that lie just beneath the surface of social intercourse; and though his amusing and entertaining dissertations upon the fads and foibles and foolishness of the day are strung upon a thread of narrative and do duty as comments upon the marital readjustments of a young American artist and his wife, it is to be noted that any little wife that was a nice little wife, and any young artist that was a good fellow, could be substituted for Molly or for her husband without the exchange being in any way destructive of the chemical equilibrium of the composition. The existence of these agreeable young persons is the excuse, rather than their creation being the object, of the book. Which probably has something to do with the fact that though *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls* runs the full handicap course of six hundred pages, one hears no complaints from short-winded readers that they are unable to go the distance.

THE only tenable theory by which one can account for the continued production and presumable consumption of the dry, sterile, recapitulatory volumes that are forever offering us resumes of everything from Greek civilization to psychic research, is the assumption that there is a large class of timid seekers after knowledge who object to having ideas mixed with their information. Are not the celebrated Educator Biscuits, for infants and invalids, also made without yeast? If this assumption is correct, Emily James Putnam's *The Lady* (Sturgis and Walton, \$2.50), a series of studies of various historical phases of the "female of the favored social class," should be sedulously avoided by intellectual dyspeptics. It is not unleavened bread. The volume contains an introduction and eight independent, yet interdependent, essays dealing with the Greek Lady, the Roman Lady, the Lady Abbess and the ladies of the Castle, the Renaissance, the Salon, the Blue Stockings and the Slave States. These sketches, as the author modestly calls them—for if not elaborate portraits they are none the less finished pictures—are both distinguished and forceful; both *suaviter in modo and fortiter in re*. Individually, they are the delightful outcome of an intelligent acumen at once supple and sincere, reacting upon a genuine scholarship, imaginative and possessed of the power of reconstructive visualization. Collectively, they embody and express a new spirit—frankly feminine

yet proudly impersonal; smilingly disdainful of polite make-believe; gracious, but not unarmed.

"THE title I have taken for this book," says Professor Irving Babbitt in the preface to *The New Laocoön* (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.25), "expresses my sense of what needs doing rather than what I myself would claim to have done." Which sentence comes pretty near to "Bogey" in the amount of ground it covers in a few strokes. When Lessing, the great German critic, published his famous work upon the obliterated boundaries and confused overlappings of the arts at the close of the eighteenth century, he named it, with a magnificent sense of the rhetorical possibilities of allusion, after that tangle of twisted serpents and tortured limbs, the marble group of the Laocoön. Since then a new cycle of esthetic evolution has run its course and an artistic confusion infinitely worse confounded (since it represents the excesses of freedom instead of those of formalism) has developed—a confusion in which we paint symphonies, orchestrate philosophy, use words as pigments and reproduce psychological states in water color. Mr. Babbitt is by no means alone in feeling that a "new Laocoön" is, as the physicians say, "indicated" by the symptoms of the patient as the needed treatment. And the succinct outline of the history of the "case" and the analytical demonstration of its pathology, which he has compressed into his important and interesting work, comes much closer to filling the prescription than he claims credit for. J. B. Kerfoot.



AN EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS



"FER THE LOVE O' HIVEN, MICKEY, DON'T LET GO; YE'RE GAININ' ON HIM!"



Alongshore, by Stephen A. Reynolds. Verbal sketches and interpretative vignettes of the lives and outlooks of beachcombers, boatmen and fishermen on the English coast.

The Doctor's Christmas Eve, by John Lane Allen. The promised companion tale to *The Bride of the Mistletoe*. A better story, but one bearing the same belated message of bewildered disillusion.

The Greatest Wish in the World, by E. Temple Thurston. A romance by a realist. An effervescent little story celebrating the glamour of things as they are.

Good Men and True, by E. M. Rhodes. The diverting account of an unsentimental adventure.

How to live on Twenty-four Hours a Day, by Arnold Bennett. How to become an intellectual millionaire by saving odd half-hours. A bit of impassioned didacticism thinly veiled by humor.

The Lady, by Emily James Putnam. See above.

The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls, by Jesse Lynch Williams. See above.

The Mirage of the Many, by W. T. Walsh. An attempt to disclose the crudity of the extreme socialistic proposals by means of a crude melodramatic fiction.

Mr. Ingleside, by E. V. Lucas. A pleasant story during the innocent meanderings of which we breathe the atmosphere of literary and artistic dilettantism.

Nightshade, by Paul Gwynne. Faust up to date; in which a scientific Mephistopheles tempts a blind violinist with ultra-violet vision.

The New Laocoon, by Irving Babbitt. See above.

The New Machiavelli, by H. G. Wells. Notice later.

Spread Eagle, by Gouverneur Morris. Short stories of simple and widespread appeal, told with great skill and vivacity.

The Rules of the Game, by Stewart Edward White. An excellent piece of expository fiction. A type history of the spirit of public service in national affairs.

Subconscious Phenomena. A little volume from which the industrious may gather, by first-hand statements, the theories of the leading specialists.

More Exclusiveness Needed

ONE statistician tells us that 746,221 individuals own the stock of all the railroads and industrial corporations of the country.

This is astounding and we hope the report is exaggerated. If it be true, something should be done about it. It looks very bad to have such a large aristocracy. An aristocracy worthy of the name and the position should be small and exclusive. We are perfectly willing to work hard and support stockholders who are dignified and rare, but they must not allow themselves to become common.

The ideal state of affairs would be for one individual to own it all, with a proper title and a jewelled crown. But that is too much to hope for. We would be content to let it go at saying the proverbial four hundred, including their oxen, their asses, their man-servants, their maid-servants, their manicures, chauffeurs and ministers.

Beyond that, however, we cannot go and maintain our self-respect.

The Faithful Nurse

"Is this you, doctor?" asks the nurse over the telephone.

"Yes," answers the physician.

"Well, you know you said Mr. Bonder would not show any signs of improvement for five or six days?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is only the second day and he is a great deal better already. Shall I give him something to make him worse for the other three or four days?"

Priscilla Has a Valuable Idea



PEDDLING *The Broadside* on the streets of New York was a grand success. I haven't heard yet whether the sheet made any money for the Cause, or whether any one who bought it really read it. The main thing was that it gave our younger and prettier sisters a splendid opportunity to spend

a day on the streets getting acquainted with the general public. In this case the general public consisted mostly of messenger boys and young and old men who were not too busy to stop and talk with the girls. Among the men I noticed a good deal of interest in the girls and perhaps many of them became interested in the Cause.

I myself got out and tried to sell some copies,

but I found that the men would for some reason pay no attention to me, except that some of the coarser ones would ask me such idiotic questions as whether my mother knew I was out, and whether I wasn't afraid to go home in the dark. The younger girls had no trouble at all in getting men to talk to.

I am convinced by this experience that we older women ought to use all our influence to get young and pretty girls to become Suffragettes. We can tell them what to do and when the reporters come around we will be the ones who will be interviewed and our names will be the ones most frequently printed. I know there are some old foggy fathers and mothers who object to having their daughters used as bait by us older women, but it is easy to get the girls stimulated by the excitement and to believe that they are engaged in a noble work. Once arouse their spirit of womanly self-sacrifice and it will make no difference whether their parents object or not. I can imagine no more beautiful spectacle than a spirited and bright-eyed young girl of sixteen or seventeen defying her parents and going out on the streets of New York to sell copies of *The Broadside*. It shows the power of the Cause!



GOOMY news keeps coming from the cowboy State of Colorado. Some of our more extravagant sisters have been selling their votes for the money they need for hobble skirts and long hat-pins, one politician in Denver controls the votes of all our disreputable sisters in that city and the real Suffragettes squabble so among themselves over society and club matters that their votes really count for nothing as a political force. There is serious danger that the State Constitution will be amended so that women will no longer be permitted to vote. I think it's perfectly awful.

I WONDER what has happened to dear Mrs. Belmont. I haven't seen her name in the papers more than a dozen times in the past week. I hope the poor dear hasn't fallen ill,

or, worse yet, lost her press agent. Our peerless leaders are under a continual strain in their efforts to keep before the public, and it is a duty they owe to themselves and to the Cause not to over-exert themselves. Little as they may appear so, they are still women, and not equal to doing the work that men do. Both Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Blatch have done marvels for themselves in the way of publicity in the daily newspapers, but they should be careful or they may break down; and then what would become of the Cause?

I WISH you would carefully read, dear sisters, this extract from a very recent leaflet circulated by one of our peerless leaders, Lady Cook, née Tennessee Clafin.

Some years ago Lady Cook was better known in America than at present, her name being usually printed in the newspapers as Tennie C. Clafin. In the days when she and Victoria Woodhull were female brokers in Wall Street the press teemed with lurid descriptions of them. She became a "Lady" by her marriage with Sir Somebody Cook—I've forgotten his first name—an elderly

Englishman with a fortune, so that she is able to be a liberal contributor to the Cause. This is what she says:

Many of the men have still the hardihood or stupidity to deny that woman really rules. But this is because all sagacious women handle the reins so lightly that the husbands never know they hold them at all. In obstinate cases, however, the wife must let her hand be felt. And never yet was there a marital mouth so hard but what some kind of bit could be found to subdue it. It will be wise, therefore, of the men to capitulate at once, and no longer insist upon male superiority and male privileges. Their rule is nearly over. And if, in the see-saw of human events, they should in the future be placed in a subordinate position, we must accord them more generous treatment than they have given us. We must not retaliate. On the contrary, we should resist all attempts to degrade them, and let equality be our motto then as now.

I don't think our peerless leader should let the truth become too well known. I agree with her about the influence of married women and mothers, but how about us Suffragettes who are spinsters or divorced women? It would never do to let men get the idea that Suffragettes are Suffragettes only because they have no men to rule and are Suffragetting only because they haven't anything really useful to do. The besotted tyrants might refuse to give us Votes for Women.

Lady Cook is a British subject by marriage. It is awfully kind of her to come over here and work with us instead of staying at home with her sister Suffragettes in England.

HOW stupid the newspapers are. They are edited mostly by men, which naturally accounts for it. The latest example they give of it is the amount of space they devote to this Senator business up at Albany. Every day they print columns about it, with big headlines on their front pages.

What our dear Suffragettes are doing at Albany in the way of having bills introduced and getting themselves talked about by the hangers-on of the Legislature is either not mentioned at all or put in some brief paragraph in an obscure part of the paper next to the fortune-teller advertisements.

Will not some rich sister please establish a newspaper which will print the real news? PRISCILLA JAWBONES.

Life's Family Album

Ferdinand G. Long

IT would not be too much to say that Mr. Long leads a cat and dog life. Certainly no one else has succeeded so well in surrounding his creations with real human attributes. No matter what they are doing—these cats and dogs of Mr. Long's—they invariably appeal to one's sympathies. And Mr. Long's career illustrates one—but let him talk for himself.

"Yes," he admitted feelingly, "I was designed for the Presidency. Everybody—even my parents—admitted it."

"When did this happen?"

"In Kansas City, where I was born



August 24, 1870. I hated to be an artist—but I couldn't help it."

"You began as—"

"A lawyer. I studied law in Harvard, but even there I found myself contributing to the *Lampoon*. Then I went on to New York and studied three months in the Art Students' League. From there I went on the *Evening World*, where for fourteen years I drew cartoons. Incidentally, I did work for the *London Express*. I contributed also to the *Woman's Home Companion*, *Harper's* and the *Century*."

"Married, Mr. Long?"

"Married, two boys, and live in Flatbush."



Suffragette: HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

Life's Suffragette Contest

\$300 to the Winner

Notice to Contestants

The contest closed on December 31, 1910, and the winner will be announced as soon as all the accepted contributions have been published, and the award made. We hope to announce the winner in the first issue in March. Ample notice will be given.

LI

A Psalm of Life

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Suffragettes are but a dream;
That you've never had your slumbers
Shattered by their battle-scream.

LIFE, they're real! LIFE, they're earnest!

But the home is not their goal.
Dust thou'l be unless thou turnest
Deaf ear to their rigmarole.

Not enjoyment, only sorrow'll
Be your destined end or way,
Should you wed one. Each to-mor-
row'll
Find you weaker than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
But e'en shorter time you'll crave,
If from such fierce spouse you're beat-
ing

It, and longing for your grave.

In the suffrage field of battle,
In the biff and whack of life,
You'll be like dumb, driven cattle,
She'll be IT in every strife.

Lives of suffragettes remind us
We can't make our lives sublime
While they're chasing swift behind us,
Hurling gravel, bricks and lime.

Gravel which perhaps some Birrell,
Sprinting, frantic, o'er life's deck,
Or some Asquith, stern and virile,
Will receive upon the neck.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart to fight such fate;
Every suffragette eschewing.
Learn to dodge 'em and to wait.

W. F. Smyth.

LII

Twenty-six Reasons Why Any Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

- Because, in Man's Lexicon of Love,
- A** stands for Angel, not Amazon.
- B** for Bon-bon Box, not Ballot Box.
- C** for Cosy Corners, not Clubs.
- D** for Darling, not Delegate.
- E** for Epistles, not Exhortations.
- F** for Frills, not Finance.
- G** for Gossip, not Gymnastics.
- H** for Home, not Homilies.
- I** for Ideals, not Iconoclasm.
- J** for Joys, not Jars.
- K** for Kisses, not Knocks.
- L** for Love, not Law.
- M** for Mercy, not Missiles.
- N** for Notes, not Notoriety.
- O** for Order, not Orders.
- P** for Poetry, not Politics.
- Q** for Quips, not Questions.
- R** for Roses, not Rights.
- S** for Smiles, not Speeches.
- T** for Trust, not Trusts.
- U** for Unity, not Units.
- V** for "Vittles," not Votes.
- W** for Witchery, not Wisdom.
- X** for X-cuses, not X-amples.
- Y** for You, not Yoke.
- Z** for Zest, not Zeal.

—
Ella Randall Pearce.

LIII

Why Any Man Should Not Marry A Suffragette

If you must marry, marry an artist—an artist in life. Marry a pragmatist, one who believes in the immediate "cashing in" of values. Don't marry a metaphysician or a suffragette. A true woman, like an artist and a pragmatist, has no principles and no morality. Had she them, she could not do justice to her husband. She could never see him as he is, for she would apply to him the little measure of her 'ism. The male longs passionately to be taken absolutely; to be looked at moralistically or sociologically by one's wife is intolerable. And to see in your wife's eye a deep interest that does not centre in you is one of the most exquisite of pains. That way madness lies. Your old poetry, your ancient sentiment, your aesthetic convictions, from these lovely ways of looking the suffragette is detaching herself.

The suffragette is the ridiculous prose companion of the women types of Ibsen, who strain toward the Future. These women harrow and excite us, make us wonderfully unhappy. To live with one of them would be a beautiful but harassing dream. Wistfully we would strive to make her see our reality, and the reality of our old ideals, but she would not. To marry a woman of the future is to lead the strenuous life, indeed. The art of life consists in enhancing the value of the actualities we possess. The suffragette renounces and denounces the actual—and in its place she seldom gives us the intense and disturbing quality of the Future—for she is seldom beautiful and imaginative. Better so, for if she were, and when she is, she means an occupation and an unsatisfying pre-occupation for any man.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

LIV

A Bunch of Reasons Why a Man Should Not Marry a Suffragette

(These extracts have been taken from the unwritten verse of several famous poets, and form a few examples of "poems which might have been.")

SWINBURNE'S WARNING

Limper than arms which lie powerless,
Locked in a pulsing embrace;
More bitter far than the dowerless;
Terror carved large on your face;
So will you be. Oh, take warning,
Ere you have yielded just balk;
She will argue all night and all morning,
Our Lady of Talk.

TENNYSON'S DICTUM

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
That she who wants to rule the state
Is also sure to rule her mate:
'Twere well she had no mate at all.

BROWNING'S MEANDERINGS

These things unearthly—nay, but mark
me well,
Though not of earth still not of heaven
—so
As I have said these things unearthly tell
A tale. Shall I repeat it for you?
No!
Yet if these things would make your
home a but
If you grasp my meaning, profit, go.
(Concluded on page 319)

A Valentine Suggestion

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A Heart Full of Affection

Photogravure, mounted 15 x 20, \$1.00

Sent, carriage prepaid, to any address
upon receipt of \$1.00

Life Publishing Co., 17 West 31st Street, New York



THE READING PUBLIC

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carry an entirely new and *efficient* non-skid tread. It is moulded with a series of large, heavy, cup-shaped, rubber knobs which exert a vacuum grip on the surface of the road.

This vacuum hold prevents slipping in any direction. It increases traction, but does not retard speed because each vacuum-held cup is readily released by raising one edge first. The rolling of the wheel does this automatically.

Vacuum Cup Tires grip effectively on wet or dry surfaces, greasy asphalt, snow or ice. And in soft mud the rubber knobs sink into the soil, prevent slipping and afford the best possible traction.

Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed for 4000 miles service—double that of any other make of non-skid tire. They are more difficult to puncture, on account of the extra heavy tread. They cost less and last longer than steel-studded tires.

*The Safest and Longest Wearing Tire
on the market.*

All sizes in stock at below addresses or leading dealers everywhere, or write for full information.

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BRANCH STORES (Post & Lester Co.)—New Haven, Conn. Bridgeport, Conn. Boston, Mass. Springfield, Mass.





At the Convention

The Blessed Suffragette leaned out
O'er the reading-desk at even;
The speech she had prepared would take
From eight until eleven.
She had two white gloves on her hands—
And pins in her hat were seven.

Her robe, designed by Madame Rose,
Hand-wrought flowers did adorn;
And a superb black chiffon coat
Was very neatly worn.
And the chains that hung around her
throat
Were yellower than corn.

"I wish that we could vote, dear ones!
For we will vote," she said.
"Have I not on the finest gown
That Madame Rose has made?
Are not good clothes a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?"



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GEORGE?"
"I AM WAITING FOR THE WATER TO RUN
OUT OF THESE SHELVES; I WANT TO BUILD
MY NEST IN ONE OF THEM."

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She plumed and rustled and then spoke—
Less sad of speech than wild.
She shouted gentle arguments
That couldn't harm a child;
And in terms quite acidulous
The Antis she reviled.

I saw her smile—but soon her smile
Was turned to haughty sneers;
She thought she saw another gown
More beautiful than hers!
She raised her lorgnon to her eyes—
Then she wept. (I heard her tears.)
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine.

Not the Same

"They tell me," said the fair widow,
"that you are a student of human na-
ture?"

"Yes," admitted the old bachelor,
"and I have learned a few things about
women, also."—Chicago News.

Expensive Identification

"I am to meet the Duke at the dock."

"But he has never seen you, girl."

"For means of identification he is to
wear a red carnation and I am to carry
\$1,000,000 in my left hand."

—Washington Herald.



If only someone would tell him about Sanatogen

THE chances are someone will tell him about the mighty health-giving, revitalizing powers of Sanatogen—how it re-energizes the nerves, how it gives strength and elasticity to the whole system, how it will enable him once more to perform his arduous duties without fear of nervous break-down. Everywhere men and women of every vocation—brain-workers, business-people—all who are impelled to over-work—find in Sanatogen a wonderful source of strength and endurance.

Let this be a message of CHEER to YOU. You feel you need a tonic. Don't get "some tonic." Get the one tonic constructed on scientific principles free from narcotics or false stimulants, the tonic that has the endorsement of the medical profession and the world's leading thinkers. Go to your druggist today and get the first box. Where not obtainable we will send it direct upon receipt of remittance.

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We will mail you free a copy of this intensely interesting little book, written by a physician and brimming with real information on a subject that is of vital concern to you.

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45 East 17th Street

David Belasco,

The eminent dramatic author, says:

"It gives me pleasure to let you know the wonderfully beneficial results I have experienced from the use of our Sanatogen. It has a most invigorating effect upon the nerves and I heartily recommend it to all who, like myself, are obliged to overwork. After my personal experience I can readily vouch for its recuperative qualities."

John Burroughs

The distinguished naturalist and author, says:

"I think the Sanatogen did me much good—it gave me much strength, steadied my nerves and greatly improved my sleep. It comes the nearest to being a remedy for old age. I have yet struck, and I want to thank you for suggesting it."

Harrison Fisher,

The well-known artist, says:

"I have used Sanatogen from the first of the year and find it a wonderful tonic. I am recommending it to my overworked friends."

HOP PILLOWS
THOSE WHO DO NOT SLEEP WELL
will find relief by using these pillows. Are made from the choicest
SONOMA HOPS
Used and recommended by people of social prominence.
All sizes made to order. Correspondence invited.
William Schenström, Suite L-3, Produce Exchange Bldg., New York.

Suffragette Contest

(Concluded from page 316)

WORDSWORTH'S OPINION

Oh, when the sun awakes all life,
You know it's coming by the dawn;
Unhappy is the man whose wife
Desires to put the trousers on.

KIPLING'S ULTIMATUM

Strength is a thing of the muscle and
not of a woman's mind;
A guide who will watch the menu,
that is a wooer's goal.
Go, ask the men who have suffered, this
you will surely find,
What you want is a wench at the
cook-stove, not a brawling jade at
the poll. *Fred Jacob.*

LV

Life's Suffragette Contest

(From "Plato's Republic," Book XV,
Newly Discovered and Englished
by A. Meer-Mann, Gent.)

As for those women, Socrates, of
whom we spoke lately, those staunch
supporters of Lysistrata's claims, who
want the right to vote and to hold forth
by the hour on the Agora, as we men do,
shall we allow the citizens of our re-
public to marry them?

By Zeus, said Socrates, with a queer
smile, I will answer you by another ques-
tion, if you allow me a few words.

A thousand, Socrates.

Nay, some three hundred. . . .
Do you recall what we said of the effect
produced by politics even on the wisest
men?

Certainly. We observed how political
views always cause strifes and divisions,
embitter feelings, spoil manners and pro-
mote abuse and foul speech.

And do you not, on the other hand, re-

HIGHEST
QUALITY



RICH
AND
OLD

Makes
a good
dinner
better

FINEST
FLAVOR

MILD
AND
MELLOW

At All
Best
Clubs
and
Hotels

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Fundamental Patents. Largest manufacturers of Talking-Machines in the World. Dealers wanted—Exclusive
selling rights given where we are not actively represented.

member what marriage should be; I do
not mean in real life (here Socrates
sighed), but in our ideal republic.

Why, Socrates, it should be a blissful
bower, a haven of rest, as poets say, and
were I not afraid of making an an-
achronism . . .

Never mind! Go ahead.

I would say with Milton:
"Hail, wedded love! . . .
"Perpetual fountain of domestic
sweets!"

Excellent. But now answer me. Is a
woman's nature, that seems so much

more excitable than our own, likely to
be improved by unsatisfied political aspi-
rations and wild notions of man's ty-
ranny? Imagine what bickerings, what
feuds, what open hostilities would rage
within the households of our republic!
Two political creatures of different sex,
united in matrimony, would give you the
very picture of Hades!

Then let us make a law that, if there
are any such women in our republic.

Wait, said Socrates. I see my wife
Xantippe coming this way. We had bet-
ter move on.

N. E. CRU.

HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

RIPE
RICH
MELLOW

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Good Government

"What's the trouble in Plunkville?"
"We've tried a mayor and we've tried a commission."

"Well?"

"Now we're thinking of offering the management of our city to some good magazine."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

Poor Brown

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped Brown. "Why, I haven't the money for operations. I'm only a poor working man."

"You're insured, are you not?"

"Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.—*Lippincott's*.

About Time

"Mary!"

Father's voice rolled down the stairs and into the dim and silent parlor.

"Yes, papa dear?"

"Ask that young man if he has the time."

A moment of silence.

"Yes, George has his watch with him."

"Then ask him what is the time."

"He says it is 11:48, papa."

"Then ask him if he doesn't think it about bedtime."

Another moment of silence.

"He says, papa," the silvery voice announced, impersonally, "he says that he rarely goes to bed before 1, but it seems to him that it is a matter of personal preference merely, and that if he were in your place he would go now if he felt sleepy!"—*Harper's Bazar*.

Caron's Bitters—Best Tonic and Appetizer. No home complete without it. Sample on receipt of 25 cents.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

Saying No

The author of *Pat McCarty*, a recent book of verse with a setting of prose, shows how naturally some of the Irishmen of Antrim dilute the wine of narrative with the water of verbiage. In the excerpt below—"The Way We Tell

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office London, WASHINGTON, OTTAWA,
CLUB LINEN AND VELOUR PLAYING CARDS
Hemstitch and "rug" backs patented. Four colors each; red,
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where or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Send for Catalog
Dept. L., RADCLIFFE & CO., 144 Pearl St., New York

a Story"—the diluent is used with a particularly free hand:

Says I to him, I says, says I,

Says I to him, I says,

The thing, says I, I says to him,

Is just, says I, this ways.

I hev, says I, a gret respeck

For you and for your breed,

And onything I cud, I says,

I'd do, I wud indeed.

I don't know any man, I says,

I'd do it for, says I,

As fast, I says, as for yourself',

That's tellin' ye no lie.

There's nought, says I, I wudn't do

To plase your feyther's son,

But this, I says, ye see, says I,

I says, it can't be done.

—*Youth's Companion*.

"The Little Brown Box"

CAMBRIDGE 25c
in boxes of ten
AMBASSADOR 35c
the after-dinner size

Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON
Cigarettes

Have the entree to the
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In Cork and Plain Tips

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

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Prescribed by Physicians for
URIC ACID, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES, ETC.

SOON after the arrival of the first baby, his wife went upstairs one evening and found him standing by the side of the crib and gazing earnestly at the child. She was touched by the sight and her arms stole softly around his neck as she rubbed her cheek caressingly against his shoulder. He started slightly at the touch. "Darling," he murmured, dreamily, "it is incomprehensible to me how they get up such a crib as that for 99 cents."—*Argonaut*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous"

The Literary Zoo

Theatrical Theory

There is grave reason to apprehend that Clayton Hamilton spends very little of his leisure in the department stores. Otherwise the brilliant young author of *The Theory of the Theatre*—a volume as amazing as a Nevada divorce—would have made less of a riddle out of his natural query: What Is a Play? In the modern department store the staff includes a force of young women hired with special reference to their grace of deportment, their perfection of figure and their capacity to seem distinguished in every hue of the rainbow. As the new dresses arrive from Paris they are donned by these young women who parade in reposeful silence before an assemblage of the best customers. The idea is altogether French, but its vogue over here grows, day by day, tremendous. The spectacle, as the mute and moving maidens exemplify the latest fashions by wearing them, promotes the sale of enough chiffon robes to drive even a corporation lawyer into the bankruptcy court. Here we have a clue to the question that so puzzles Clayton Hamilton. A play is the department store spectacle I have described, but the charm is taken out of it by the circumstance that the women who parade in the dresses are not mute.

A Justification of Spain in the Ferrer Case

If I could transform Governor Wilson of New Jersey into a Calvinist by

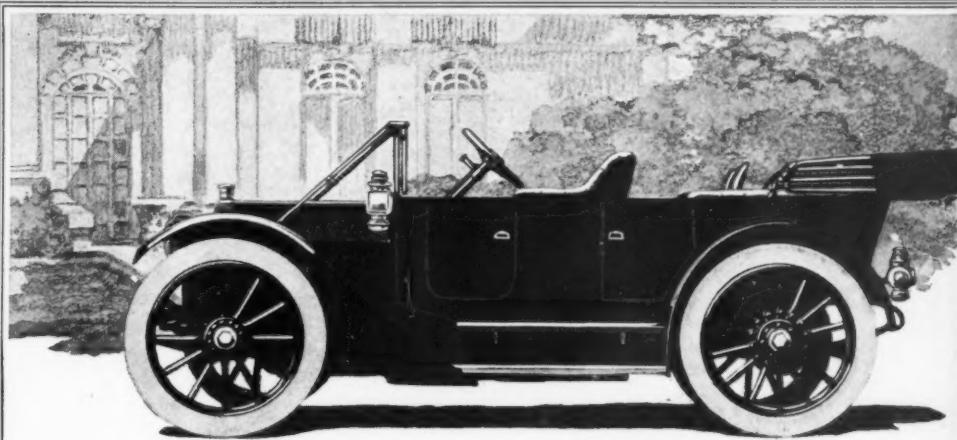
A Ripe Old Age

matured and mellow with a true, natural flavor of its own that comes only from natural aging in the wood

GOOD OLD OVERHOLT

A pure rye whiskey of a pronounced goodness making it well worth the effort of pronouncing the name—when you order whiskey

Distilled and Bottled in bond by
A. Overholt & Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.



The OWEN

Devoted to comfort and family touring

The Owen is built on the same general lines as other cars of high class, with, however, these special features which afford a kind and degree of comfort hitherto unknown.

Light weight—permitting the use of smooth easy springs which convert what would otherwise be a disagreeable jolt into a gentle and altogether pleasing undulation.

Large wheels (42 inches diameter) which pass over ruts and depressions as if the road were entirely smooth.

Long-stroke motor (6 inches). This works slowly and with the minimum of vibration.

Left-hand drive (with single-lever control at right in the middle) which gives the driver easy control of the car.

The Owen is very economical to operate. The large wheels reduce tire-expense; and the average gasoline consumption is less than one gallon to fifteen miles.

\$3200. Send for catalogue.

R M Owen & Co Lansing Mich General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co

setting him afire, I would apply the match from a sense of duty. But I live in the twentieth century instead of the sixteenth—I regret the fact as much as anybody—and I realize that Governor Wilson's ideas of transubstantiation cannot be affected by the incineration of his feet. I wish they could. If roasting Governor Wilson would make New Jersey a Calvinist commonwealth as Geneva was, I would attempt that. My motive would

seem to me no less noble than that of Doctor Alexis Carrel, who, to alleviate the sufferings of his species, amputates the limbs of poodles. I am in religion what the vivisectionist is in therapeutics with this difference: I perceive

(Continued on page 323)

Houbigant-Paris
In Every Store

Perfumes and
Soaps of Higher
Quality Only.

Rhymed Reviews

The Mistress of Shenstone

(By Florence L. Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons)

When sick of Earls of evil note
And pens that paint the Peerage
darkly,
You'll find a soothing antidote
In books like this by Mrs. Barclay.

Her noble lords and ladies, too,
Are such, despite their lofty stations,
That one might tolerate a few
Among one's intimate relations.

Because a fellow-soldier fired
A mine with powder, prematurely,
The brave Lord Ingleby expired,
And Lady Myra wept demurely.

Her doctor ordered her to go
And rest by Ocean's foaming
borders
Alone and quite incognito;
And Myra meekly followed orders.

While there—suppose a Hero brave
And beautiful as young Apollo
A lovely widow dares to save
From death—what really ought to
follow?

And he, though Earl of high Menteith
And Lord of Airth in social seasons,
Obscured his noble rank beneath
The name "Jim Airth" for private
reasons.

All's well? Not so. When skies are
fine
How swift the thunder-cloud increases!

"JIM AIRTH" WAS HE THAT
SPRUNG THE MINE
WHICH BLEW LORD INGLEBY
TO PIECES!

And, though the willing lady said
She knew he didn't know 'twas
loaded,
This Jim declared he could not wed
The widow of the late-exploded.

But calmer counsels rescued him
And Myra, too, from moral squinting;
She signs herself as "Mrs. Jim"
Below the bottom line of printing.

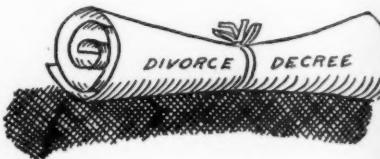
Easiest to Use
Easiest to Clean
—Safest



Standard Set, including Stropping Attachment
and 6 Double-edged, Hollow-ground blades, \$5.
Extra blades, 6 for 50c.
Send for Booklet today

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 111 Fifth Ave., New York
DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Ltd., 86 Strand, London

I love to read of Earls and such;
What transcendental thoughts they
utter,
Who never have to worry much
About the daily bread-and-butter!
Arthur Guiterman.



FAITH—HOPE—CHARITY

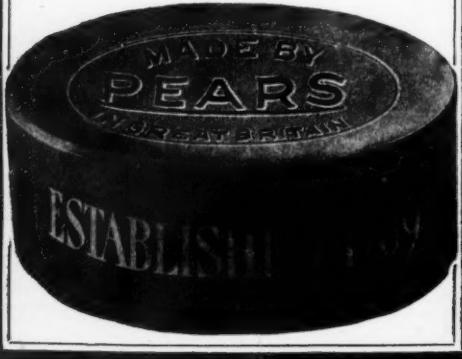
Beauty is only Skin Deep

That is the pith and substance of the whole problem of beauty—it is a matter of the skin. Indeed, there can be no complete beauty without skin beauty.

This being so, it is important to remember that the most eminent analysts and skin authorities and the most beautiful women of six generations have borne unqualified testimony to the fact that

Pears' Soap

is the finest skin beautifying agent that science has produced or that money can buy.



ABBOTT'S BITTERS

Makes the best cocktail. A pleasing aromatic with all Wine, spirit and soda beverages. Appetising, healthful, to use with Grape Fruit, Oranges, Wine Jelly. At Wine Merchants or Druggists. Sample by mail, 25c in stamps. C. W. ABBOTT & CO., Baltimore, Md.

PATENT
WHAT YOU INVENT!
PATENT

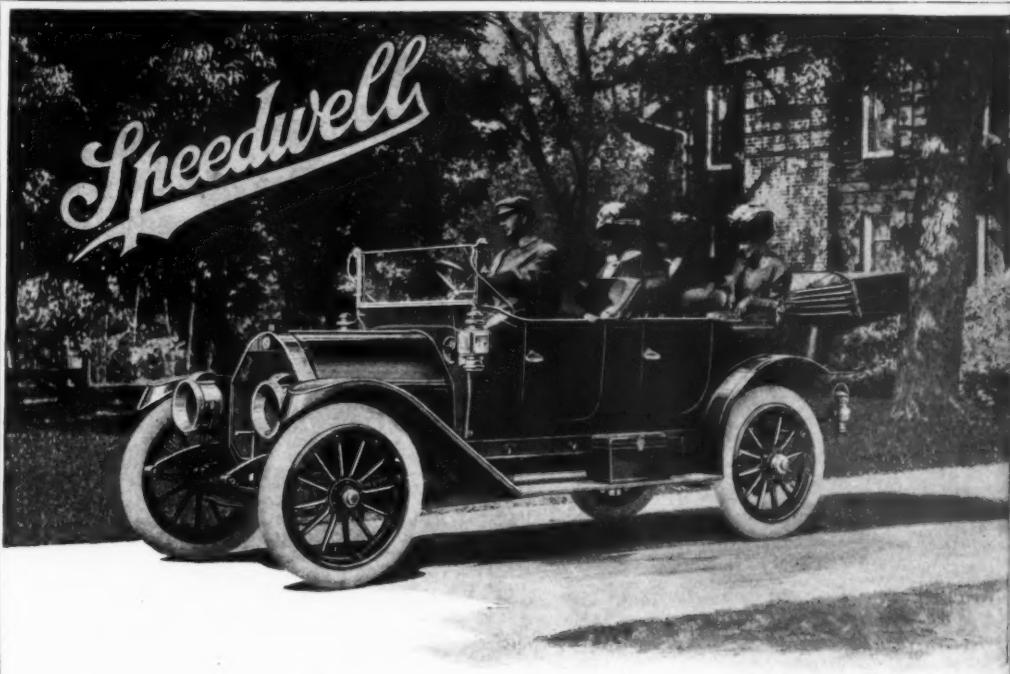
YOUR IDEAS MAY BRING YOU A FORTUNE
Write for our Free Book: gives list of needed inventions: tells how to protect them. Patents Obtained or Fee Returned.
No charge for report as to patentability; send sketch or model.
Patents advertised for sale free.
H. Ellis Chandee & Co., Suite 39, Bornet Bldg., Washington, D.C.

The Literary Zoo

(Continued from page 321)

the futility of mutilating a United States Senator for the sake of getting him to Heaven. I am extremely sorry that the loss of Senator Gallinger's toe would not ameliorate his morals, and I am extremely glad that taking the heart out of a live horse has been the means of rendering diphtheria, through serum therapy, less portentous to his grandchild.

Now I deplore my incapacity, as I have said, to foster faith in the Apostles' Creed by doing to my fellow creatures what the vivisectionists practice upon spaniels. I relapse into this unavailing regret each time I take into my hands one of the fanatical pamphlets which the death of Francisco Ferrer inspires my friends Upton Sinclair and Leonard Dalton Abbott to press upon the jaded attention of a progressive if listless world. I could weep almost because these rash and hot-headed young men pay so little heed in their frenzy at the execution of Francisco Ferrer to the real explanation of that tragedy. It is patent to all mankind in the literature of vivisection. The practitioners of that science and the agents of the Inquisition in Spain have always professed the same motives. Anæsthesia was not, indeed, known to Torquemada. His view of sensory reflexes in sentient



Model 11-F Special, Fore-door Touring Car—7 pass., \$2900.
Standard Chassis has 121 inch wheel base and 50 H. P. Motor. Equipment does not include top or wind shield.

Seek Speedwell luxury above \$4000 but not below it

No car is contributing more than the Speedwell to that change in the current of public opinion which now prompts so many owners to hesitate at the highest prices which have heretofore obtained.

One of the marked tendencies of the 1911 season is a disposition to give grave thought to the question of motor car value—and the Speedwell is the inevitable gainer thereby.

Why should it not profit by closest comparison with cars of the \$4000 to \$6000 class?

As a little instance of Speedwell superiority inspect the steering gear. You will find that the Speedwell driver's safety is assured by the staunchness and precision of design. In place of the usual worm and sector gear the Speedwell possesses a worm and complete gear. The removal of a single nut permits of four distinct adjustments of this gear, giving it four times the life of the ordinary style.

In the same way the drive line of the Speedwell has been gradually bettered until in the 1911 model a straight line drive is secured by flatter rear springs and an arched frame over the rear axle, thus enabling the Speedwell to deliver greater power to the rear wheels than any other car of approximate bore and stroke.

Looking backward five years you find a loyal and satisfied Speedwell following—a mechanical reputation without spot or blemish.

It is a car of real beauty—the handsomest car in America, in the opinion of many motorists.

Its makers believe that they could give no more to the buyer in grace, in beauty, in ease, in comfort, and in service, if they followed the policy which has prevailed in previous years, and asked from \$4000 to \$6000.

Speedwell cars sell from \$2500 to \$2900—and at these figures comparison is seriously and sincerely urged with the highest prices named.

The Speedwell catalog, fresh from the presses and illustrated in color, will be of assistance to any prospective motor car buyer.

It points out the various features of superiority in Speedwell construction, and otherwise is an accurate guide to what you should look for in order to be able intelligently to compare prices and values of motor cars.

THE SPEEDWELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 350 Essex Avenue, Dayton, Ohio

Licensed under Selden Patent.

being prevails, however, at the Rockefeller Institute in this city of New York. Granted that anæsthesias wrought no ill to the cause of religion, Torquemada might have chloroformed heretics before they were racked just as the vivisectionists consent to render a dog insensible if the experiment be not vivitiated thereby.

Propaganda by vivisection—with heretics as the subjects of experiment—has long been a tradition with the Spanish. The reports, even to such details as the extraction of living tis-

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

CASCADE
PURE WHISKY

The best of grain—honest distillation and purification—real age. That's why Cascade is rich, pure and wholesome. Original bottling has old gold label. GEO. A. DICKE & CO., Distillers, Nashville, Tenn. 100

sue—even vital organs—read curiously like the proceedings in the laboratories of the Rockefeller Institute. The soul of Spain, as I infer from a recent work by Havelock Ellis, is informed with a spirituality so African that the execution of a heretic promotes religion in the Iberian peninsula just as

(Concluded on page 324)

Legrand-Paris Best Perfumery and Soaps at Moderate Prices.
For Sale All Dealers.

Milo
The
Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's

THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

The Literary Zoo

(Concluded from page 323)

the amputation of a dog's limb promotes surgery when Doctor Alexis Carrel performs the feat. The loftiness of the motive in both cases is beyond cavil. The procedure in the cases of both Ferrer and the dog is painless, and I do not suppose Upton Sinclair complains because Ferrer was not thoroughly anesthetized. No doubt the effect of a bullet on the reflexes when one is shot like a dog is far more direct than the influence of anesthesia upon the dog that is mutilated like a heretic. Surgery needs its Torquemadas just as religion requires its Alexis Carrels, nor is it the fault of Philip the Second that chloroform was unknown to his grand inquisitor. A Spaniard could not, to be sure, spiritualize an American surgeon by shooting a school teacher, but neither could an American modernize a Spanish monk by cutting off the leg of a live dog.

MISS CUE

The Charming Billiard Girl—in six pretty poses illustrating difficult shots at billiards and pool. No Charge for Booklet showing these pictures in miniature.

Beautiful photogravures of the same subjects—size 7 x 12—30c each, \$1.50 for set of six. Your money back on any one or all of them if you ask for it.

WILLIAM A. SPINKS & COMPANY
358 W. Erie Street, Chicago

Manufacturers of Spinks' Self Sticker Cue Tips and of Spinks' Billiard Chalk—for 16 years the chalk of cue experts.

To be had of all Dealers



The Simplicity of Haeckel

Profound as is the thought of Ernst Haeckel, his mind seems childish when he urges that the failure of any divine revelation in recent centuries implies that there never was any divine revelation at all. Why should the Deity grant the people of Israel a direct revelation hundreds of years ago and never repeat the process among other races in modern times? This was a favorite conundrum with the late Colonel Ingersoll. Haeckel delights in reviving it. The explanation is that the Deity is masculine. Were the Creator feminine, He would be con-

**INVESTORS READ
The Wall Street Journal**

stantly changing his mind, and fresh revelations of the divine will would stagger humanity every morning.

Even

I have been told that long before Thomas Hardy had finished Gabriele D'Annunzio's last tragedy he was laughing heartily. I venture to think that long before D'Annunzio had finished Hardy's last tragedy he was asleep. *Alexander Harvey.*

“THE CHIEF”

Another Masterpiece by
Alfred Henry Lewis



Begins in February number of

Human Life
THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PEOPLE

You remember "The Boss," "The President" and the "Wolfville" stories. Well, Mr. Lewis has done for the New York police in "The Chief" what he did for New York politics in "The Boss." It's an amazing story which runs through eight issues of HUMAN LIFE and depicts the life-story of a man who worked up from the gutter until he became the leader of Gotham's "Finest." It's a tale of battles, of greed and of all-conquering lust for power and money, and it's told in the first person. Through "The Chief" runs a current of red blood, love and avarice.

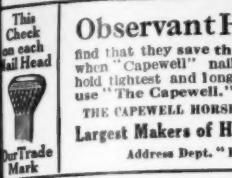
IT WILL STARTLE THE COUNTRY

as Mr. Lewis' pen has startled it before. You can't afford to miss it. You will find your neighbors talking about it and you ought to start at the beginning. *You may recognize "The Chief" before you get far into the story.*

HUMAN LIFE is 10c a copy of all newsdealers.
If your dealer doesn't have it, drop us a postal.

You can get the magazine for a year by sending us \$1.00.

HUMAN LIFE PUBLISHING CO., Boston, Mass.



Wanted, A Nice Young Man

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Why roast the poor suffragettes? I am not one yet, but think I shall be. The colored garbage man jeered at me this morning, when I objected slightly to something he did, and informed me, "Lady, it's us men that make the laws; you have nothing to do with it."

Now I would like to suggest that you, instead of roasting "ye suffragette," try to remedy the evil by sending out a few husbands to take our minds off the voting question. I happen to be a widow, with some property and a very, very young son, who will not be capable of attending to my voting for at least seventeen years. Of the seventeen gentlemen who have honored me with a proposal of marriage, fifteen were incapable of keeping themselves, another was an habitual drunkard (with other undesirable at-



Ask for the brand that has made Cocktail drinking popular. Accept no substitute.

Simply strain through cracked ice, and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.



G. F.
Heublein & Bro.
Sole Prop.
HARTFORD
NEW YORK
LONDON

A BOTTLED
DELIGHT

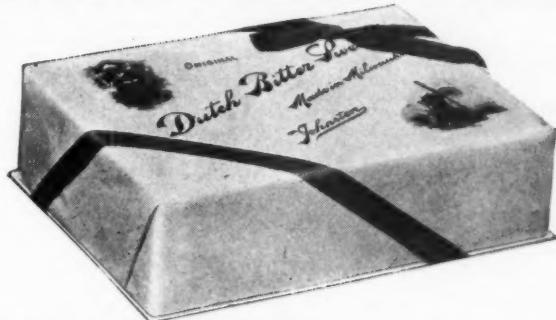
Club Cocktails

This Attractive Dutch Poster Is Yours

Here is a seven-color art poster of Dutch Kiddies scooting down the slick snow-track on their wooden shoes.

This merry Dutch design was created especially to gladden the eye, as Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets delight the palate. The poster is as fine a piece of art as the chocolates are delicious.

Johnston's Dutch Bitter Sweets



With any box of Dutch Bitter Sweets, 40c, 50c, 60c, 80c or \$1.00 size boxes, we will send the poster.

The name of your druggist must accompany the amount covering the size box desired. Both Bitter Sweets and poster will be sent immediately, express prepaid.

Sample Box

For five 2c-stamps to cover postage and packing we will send you a generous sample box of Dutch Bitter Sweets. (19)

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

tributes besides) and the other, whom I married, labored under the delusion concerning a wife: "The more she is beaten, the better she'll be." He also had rooted objections to laboring, in consequence of which I paid the room rent, board bills, etc. Fortunately I had a trade to work at—that of a stenographer.

Now, what would *you* do in a case like that? You further labor under the disadvantage of never having been a woman. My father died when I was a baby, and I have no brothers, the male portion of the family being represented by my youthful son and heir. Now if you happen to know of any nice young man (like the adorable

gentlemen in your stories) please send him around and he will be thankfully received.

PITTSBURG, PA., January 21, 1911.

Ornithological

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Having noted in the papers the accounts of the remarkable new bird supposed to be a kind of Robin, and having made some study of birds as a pastime, I am convinced that this is not a Robin at all, but a species of Bank

(Concluded on page 327)

Caron-Paris

Artistic Perfumer.
His Latest Novelty,
"MIMOSA" Extract.
Sold by the Best Stores.



This Mighty Man

is the prospective winner of the Great Booby Prize in LIFE'S Auto Race now on.

Whoever he may be, his sublime courage, his unprecedented nerve, entitle him to all the honors.

We shall make an important announcement soon. The work

of securing a committee competent to select an appropriate Booby Prize is now going on.

No Booby Prize can be too distinguished to honor this great achievement—the wonderful restraint manifested by the contestant who deliberately tries to advertise as little as possible in LIFE. Could anything be more soul-stirring?

The winning car, by the way, will receive a handsome solid gold cup. This cup can be seen at any time.

But the Booby Prize! That will be selected by a committee known the world over. We hope soon to announce their names.

King George of England will, we are safe in saying, be one of the distinguished number. Also the honorable Joseph Cannon of America.

In the meantime, we call attention to the interesting fact that the race is still open.

Any auto can enter. Any auto, even now, may have a good chance to win the great consolation prize for the one having the least number of lines. In case two or more cars are tied at the finish, the award will be made by drawing lots, undercharge of judges to be selected by the contestants.

Don't delay.

***Life's Great
Auto Race—
Now On!***

How They Stand to Date:

Locomobile	3,780 lines
Rambler	3,360 lines
Baker Electric	2,520 lines
Columbia	2,100 lines
Franklin	2,100 lines
Hupp-Yeats	1,680 lines
Oldsmobile	1,680 lines
White	1,680 lines
Haynes	1,288 lines
Peerless	1,278 lines
Hupmobile	1,260 lines
McFarlan	1,260 lines
Maxwell-Briscoe	1,260 lines
Overland	1,260 lines
Stearns	1,260 lines
Anderson	1,064 lines
Stevens-Duryea	868 lines
Abbott-Detroit	840 lines
Broc Electric	840 lines
Chalmers	840 lines
Cunningham	840 lines
Hudson Motor Car	840 lines
Stoddard Dayton	840 lines
Thomas Flyer	840 lines
Speedwell	735 lines
Premier	672 lines
Rauch & Lang Electric	672 lines
Waverley	672 lines
Kelly Motor	658 lines
Reo	644 lines
R-O	644 lines
Palmer & Singer	630 lines
Alco	448 lines
Atlas Motor	448 lines
Marmon	448 lines
Carhart	420 lines
Corbin Motor	420 lines
Elmore	420 lines
U. S. Motors	420 lines
Correja	336 lines
Moon Motor	315 lines
National Motor	224 lines
Brewster	210 lines
Club Car	210 lines

— 53,624 lines

Bermuda means the
Hamilton Hotel



IN Bermuda, at the Hamilton Hotel, you find all the comforts which modern ingenuity can afford, surrounded by all the quaintness and beauty characteristic of the Southern Islands.

HAMILTON HOTEL CO., Ltd
W. A. BARRON, Mgr., also
Crawford House, White Mts., N. H.

From Our Readers

(Concluded from page 325)

Swallow, most likely a Northern Bank Swallow.

These birds make conspicuous holes in the banks they frequent. They then build nests which they line with feathers. Each one feathers its own nest. They are not fond of being watched, however, and, as is the case with some other birds, would very likely resort to stratagem to mislead the too inquisitive naturalist.

Very truly yours,
AMATEUR.

Not a Cahoon

DEAR LIFE:

Just a word in reply to the letter of Mr. Hugo P. Remington in the last issue, referring to Elbert Hubbard.

That classification of the man who has to break into the baby's bank for carfare certainly did not originate with Hubbard. But neither did it with George Horace Lorimer. The first man to give utterance to the sentiment was the late Philip Armour. And, as almost everybody knows, *Letters From a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* is founded entirely on the sayings of Mr. Armour. Yet we do not call Mr. Lorimer a plagiarist. He is merely the Plato who collected and preserved the wise sayings of this modern Socrates of the business world.

If Mr. Remington will take the trouble to read Hubbard's essay on Philip Armour, in the series of *Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Business Men*, he will find this same epigram quoted, and full credit given to

Nurses Outfitting
Association

54 W. 39th St.,
New York
Home Bureau House
Near Fifth Avenue
CORRECT
UNIFORMS

For Maids
For House
and Street
Imported
Novelties
Uniforms
Aprons Collars
Cuffs Caps Etc.
Send for
Catalog O.



STEWART STRAIGHT RYE
EIGHT YEARS OLD



MEN of fine discrimination drink Stewart Straight Rye at their clubs. They keep Stewart Straight Rye in their homes.

Stewart Rye is an absolutely pure whiskey.

At every stage of preparation, the foremost fermentation chemist in America analyzes and passes on Stewart Rye.

It is aged in wood eight years. It is bottled at the distillery.

It is smooth, mellow, palatable.

It is served in all prominent clubs and sold by the most progressive dealers everywhere.

If you are so located that there is any difficulty in buying through a local dealer, write us. We will see to it that you are promptly supplied.

STEWART DISTILLING CO.

a consolidation of

CARSTAIRS, McCALL & CO. AND CARSTAIRS BROS.

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK

BALTIMORE

its author. You see the *Fra* has already replied to the question Mr. Remington suggests. Perhaps it is in order to ask Mr. Remington why he did not investigate more fully before making such a grave charge.

Fra Elbertus is certainly a very obstreperous person, who says and prints exactly what he thinks is right at all times, regardless of the pet prejudices of his readers, just as does LIFE. And,

like LIFE, he thus makes many enemies. But this is scarcely a sufficiently heinous crime to justify such a cruel punishment as classification with the Cahoon party.

Since you printed the accusation, I feel sure that the spirit of justice and fair play for which LIFE is famous will impel you to give equal publicity to this vindication.

JOHN G. HANNA.



NEXT WEEK The Socialist's Number of Life

Is a tribute to the Socialistic idea. We have had a continuous carnival of graft now for several decades. Why not have a carnival of the brotherhood of man? Socialism, the best Socialism, is for the under dog. Here's to the under dog. May he soon be on top. In the meantime, in this next number you will *feel* a great many things. No information. But a few object lessons.

SOME COMING SPECIALS

Feb. 23. Rich Man's—This number follows close upon the Socialist's. If you don't like one, you simply can't get along without the other. Every rich man will need this number as a consolation.

March 2. Peacock—Hardly anyone would guess from the title of this number that it was almost entirely devoted to the ladies. Of course, it is strictly fair. Reeks with complimentary allusions, and is also a complete pictorial guide to the latest fashions.

Other numbers are Dog, Humorous, Commuter's, Joy Rider's, Celestial and Bride's.



Subscription \$5.00



More About LIFE'S Time Table

Recently we published information about when LIFE can be bought in various parts of the United States.

This is only the beginning.

We propose to fix in the mind of everybody the precise hour when the latest number is on sale in every news-stand in the country.

LIFE has the largest news-stand circulation of any ten cent weekly in the United States.

Canadian \$5.52

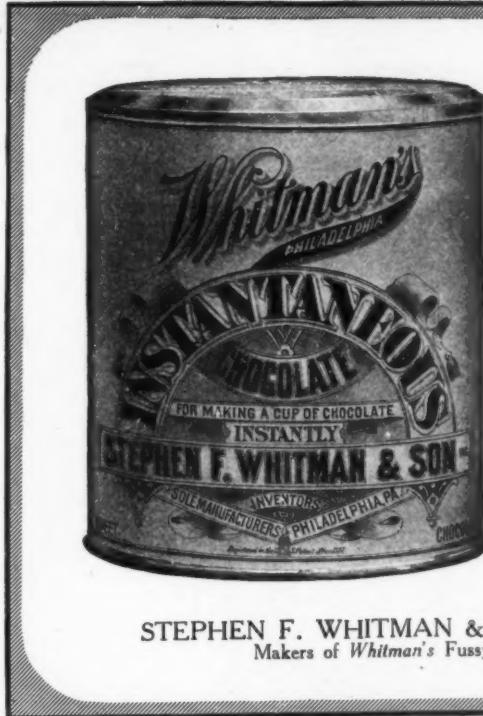


Foreign \$6.04

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

Satanic Saintliness

His (George Bernard Shaw's) saintliness is overwhelming. It is unnatural. It is Satanic. He has not a single redeeming vice. He has never tasted stimulants; tobacco he detests—he has a particular dislike to smoke in any form, and he clothes himself in the swaddling clothes of a blameless life in the shape of Jäger garments. He even goes to rest, I have been informed upon excellent authority—that of the maid who looked after his room when he was staying in the Midlands—in a sleeping bag, like an Egyptian mummy in a sarcophagus. In his early days in the Socialist movement he was the despair of his brother Socialists. They regarded him as inhuman, where really he was unhuman. He was a man who never drank, never smoked, never ate meat, and never swore—his objection to the words "d—n," "devil" and "hades," being significant, not to say pathetic. There is some hope of a man's reformation if



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of *Whitman's* Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks

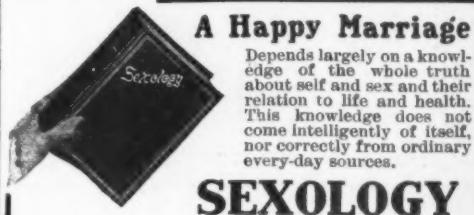
FIRST AID for chilly folks.
INSTANTANEOUS cheers
and comforts, warms and strengthens.
Made in a jiffy—*de-light-ful!*

Whitman's
Instantaneous
Chocolate

Simply mix in boiling milk. Gives the most pleasing results, also, in the home preparation of desserts. Sold by dealers in fine food products and at the selected stores with the green signs:



If you cannot buy Instantaneous conveniently send 40 cents for a half-pound can, postpaid. Send 10 cents for sample tin, postpaid.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated, \$2, postpaid.
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., 776 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

The M. S. Borden Corpulence Reducer for Men and Women:
"FATOFF"
is selling from Sea to Sea
and BEYOND the Seas

We never had a salesmen sell a jar—it sells ITSELF, one friend recommending it to another.

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The Old House, by Blanche Sellers Ortmann. (Published by the Author, at Chicago, Ill.)

Howards End, by E. M. Forster. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The Cradle of the Deep, by Sir Frederick Treves. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.)

The Pioneers, by James Oppenheim. (B. W. Huebsch.)

Concerning Osteopathy, by George V. Webster, D. O. (Cruikshank & Ellsworth, Carthage, N. Y.)

Industrial Studies, by Nellie B. Allen. (Ginn & Co. 65 cents.)

Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading, by Charles Lamb. (Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass.)

Elisabeth Koett, by R. H. Bartsch. Desmond Fitzgerald, N. Y.)

A Short History on Women's Rights, by Eugene A. Hecker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

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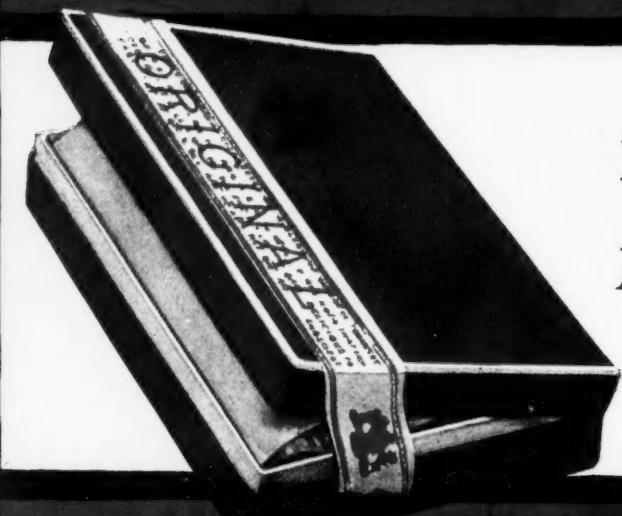
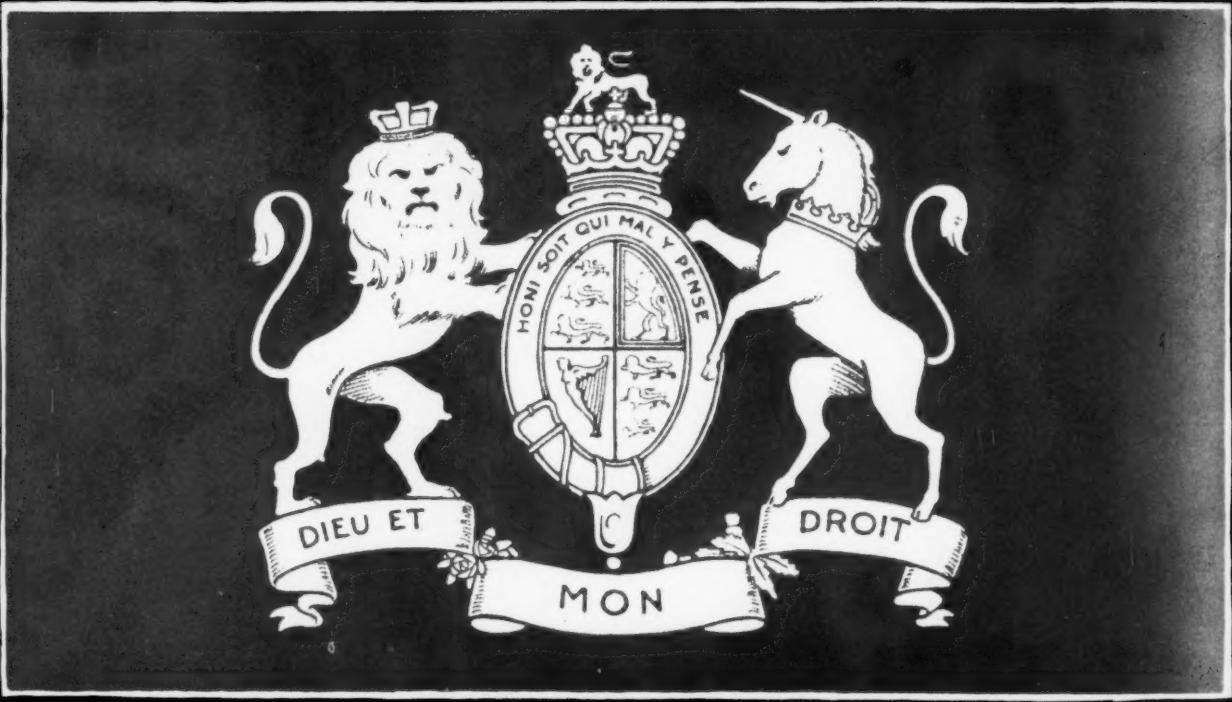
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